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BOOKMAN

JOSEPH CONRAD.
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All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.
THE BOOKMAN
250 GUINEAS PRIZE COMPETITION.

The increasing cost of book-production is, in these days, raising very serious difficulties for the author as well as for the publisher—especially for the author who is unknown. Articles and letters have recently appeared in the newspapers reiterating that it is becoming almost impossible for the beginner to get any chance at all, for, until the enterprise is less costly and speculative, most publishers prefer to limit their lists to the works of novelists of established reputation, and are unwilling to take the risk of publishing a first novel.

It has always been part of The Bookman's *programme to look out for new talent and encourage young authors of promise and, in the adverse circumstances that face them at present, we have decided to offer*

A Prize of 250 Guineas for the best First Novel.

For the purposes of this Competition a "first" novel is defined as one by a writer who has never before had a work of fiction (other than a volume of short stories) published in book form.

Full particulars of the Competition will be sent on application, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope, to

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"Memoirs of the Empress Eugénie," in two large volumes, will be published this month by Messrs. Appleton.

The authoritative biography of the Empress Eugénie, by Augustus Filon, will be published shortly by Messrs. Cassell. M. Filon was the preceptor of the Prince Imperial and acted for many years as the late Empress's private secretary.

One of the most important books of the autumn, Mr. H. G. Wells's "Outline of History," will be published by Messrs. Cassell, complete in one volume, on the 2nd September. The History has been carefully revised and largely rewritten, and differs in many respects from the version that has been appearing serially.

Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. are publishing a new and cheaper edition (4s. net) of Dora Langlois' striking story of wireless communication two thousand years ago—"In the Shadow of Pa-Menkh."

XUM

"The Heart of Unaga," a new romance of the Far West by Ridgwell Cullum, will be published almost immediately by Messrs. Chapman & Hall.

Mr. Robert Scott is adding to his English Countryside series a new volume by Mr. A. G. Bradley, "England's Outposts," which follows the Kent coast from Margate to Hythe, with a hundred and two illustrations by Mr. Frederick Adcock.

"President Wilson," a study of the President's character and policy by that brilliant Frenchman, D. Halevy, has just been published by Mr. John Lane.

Now that the war is past we are, in divers ways, linking the new world up with the old again, and the new editions of Aubrey Beardsley's "Early Work" and "Later Work" that Mr. Lane is issuing will be welcome not only to those who are interested in the art and literature of the nineties, for Beardsley is a living force in English art and his influence is not confined within the limits of that notable decade.

Photo by Debenham & Smith.

Miss Elinor Mordaunt,

whose new novel, "The Little Soul" (Hutchinson), is reviewed in this Number.

The Oxford Press is now resuming the publication of the series of "Essays and Studies written by the members of the English Association," which they published annually from 1910 to 1914. In the sixth volume (collected, as was the first, by Professor A. C. Bradley) Mr. George Saintsbury writes on "Trollope Revisited"; Dr. Henry Bradley on the "Cædmonian" genesis; Professor Wyld on Dialects; Professor Ker on "The Humanist Ideal"; Miss Stawell on Joseph Conrad; and Mr. George Sampson on "Playing the Sedulous Ape."

We congratulate Mr. Clive Holland on the well-merited distinction of the "Medaille du Roi Albert avec rayure" which the King of the Belgians has bestowed upon him "in recognition of the valued services which you rendered to the Belgian cause during the war." In the war days Mr. Clive Holland lectured for the Belgian Relief Committee Funds throughout the kingdom, and did a great deal of propaganda work in England and America.

"The Headland," a new novel by Mrs. C. A. Dawson Scott, will be published this autumn by Mr. Heinemann. It is the story of a Cornish family, and the action takes place in three days. The Alfred Knopf firm will publish the book in America.

"The Voice of the Merry-Go-Round," which Messrs. Sampson Low are publishing, is the first novel of Mr. Alan J. Thompson, who has made a considerable magazine reputation as a writer of short stories.

Julius Magnussen, a writer of successful plays, a newspaper man connected with the Danish radical press, a materialist and sceptic, full of ridicule towards anything associated with the supernatural, has written a book on the communications he has received from the spirit world, and under the title of "God's Smile" it will be published shortly by Messrs. Appleton.

"Sex Education and National Health," by C. Gasquoine Hartley, for which Mr. S. P. B. Mais has written a preface, will be published in September by Mr. Leonard Parsons.

Messrs. Batsford have published "Ypres: The Holy Ground of the British Army," by Lieut.-Colonel Beckles Willson, a record of the martyred Belgian city, the story of the three great battles of Ypres, and an admirable guide-book for all who are visiting that stricken field of Flanders. It is illustrated with maps and photographs.

Miss Diana Patrick, whose first novel, "The Wider Way" (Hutchinson), we reviewed last month, writes with reference to our announcement in the same Number of Mr. Keighley Snowden's forthcoming "Life of Sir Swire Smith," that "the Sir Shem Swire of my book had as original the courtly

figure of Sir Swire Smith, the kind friend of my girlhood. His was indeed a romantic personality, and I venture to think there are many to-day striving upward who owe a good deal to the genial charm of his encouragement. I gladly pay my small tribute to his memory." Miss Patrick has finished a second novel, "The Islands of Desire," which will be published by Messrs. Hutchinson this autumn.

A new novel by Mr. Herbert Sleath, which is still without a title, is to be published shortly by Mr. Herbert Jenkins. It is a story of Scottish life and character, the scene being laid in a Scottish seaport.

Photo by J. A. Latter, Wallingford. **Miss Diana Patrick.**

The recent death of Mr. James Baker removed a writer of greatly varied activities, who will, however, be best remembered as the author of books of travel, and more especially perhaps by those in which he wrote of Bohemia. He was something of a pioneer of modern travel in that ancient kingdom, now the principal portion of the tripartite republic of Czecho-Slovakia; his "Pictures From Bohemia," with illustrations by the late Walter Crane, having been published in 1894. Though he had travelled much all over Europe, Bohemia remained the most attractive country to him; he had but lately returned from Prague when taken with his fatal illness, and he died before the news reached England that Prague University had granted him the honorary degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Besides his books of travel, Mr. Baker had written a number of novels, several of which enjoyed a considerable popularity.

Photo by J. Drummond Shiels. **Mr. Herbert Sleath,**
author of "Sniper Jackson" and "The Seventh Vial" (Herbert Jenkins).

We are promised a first novel of unusual distinction in "Jan," by Miss Morgan Gibbon, which Messrs. Hutchinson are publishing. Miss Gibbon is the daughter of the Rev. J. E. Morgan Gibbon, and her brother is the distinguished novelist, Mr

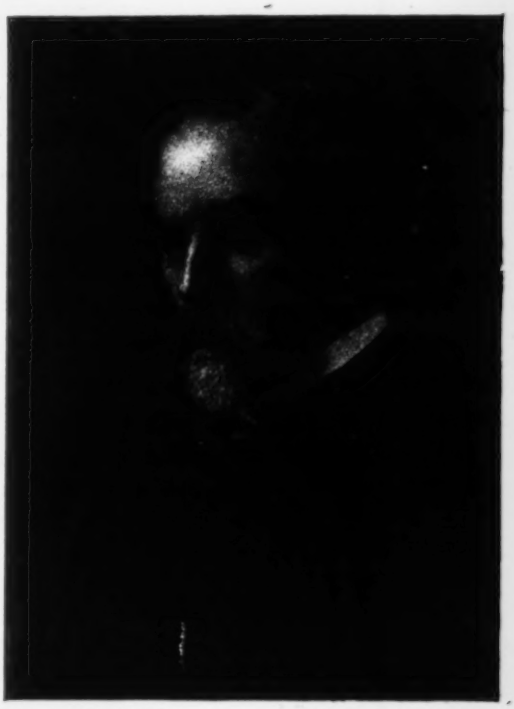


Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. James Baker.**

Perceval Gibbon. She graduated at Girton, and in her early days used to write melodramas and act them at home at Christmas, and in the same days edited a manuscript magazine to which two of her sisters contributed, but she is not entering into rivalry with Miss Daisy Ashford. During the war she worked at the Admiralty and in the Free Buffet for soldiers at Liverpool Street Station. She wrote her first short story with a view to publication in 1918, and sold it. On Armistice Day she resigned her Admiralty appointment and then set to work at the writing of "Jan," which was promptly accepted by the Doubleday, Page firm in America, but was not so readily appreciated in this country till it came into the hands of Messrs. Hutchinson, who have already accepted her second novel, and she has now made considerable progress with a third.

Miss M. Morgan Gibbon.

Mr. F. Morton Howard, who has for a good many years been well known to magazine readers, has at long last published his first book—a collection of genuinely and delightfully humorous stories, "The Unfortunate Lover" (1s. 6d. net; Holden & Hardingham), and, to make up for lost time, he has two more books coming out this autumn: "Happy Rascals" with Messrs. Methuen, and "A Man May Not Marry his Grandmother" with Messrs. Holden & Hardingham. "The Unfortunate Lover" stories appeared originally in *London Opinion*; the "Happy Rascals" in the *Premier*, for which magazine Mr. Howard is at present writing a serial about those same rascals and it will appear in due course with the title of "'Orace & Co." Before his first book made its appearance his agent, Mr. Robert Somerville, had arranged for the publication of six others, which is something of a record. Mr. Howard is proud of the fact that he was born of the real old Colonial stock in Cape Colony, about forty years ago. When he was two years old he was brought to Europe by the rest of his family; they gravitated to England, and have stayed here ever since.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

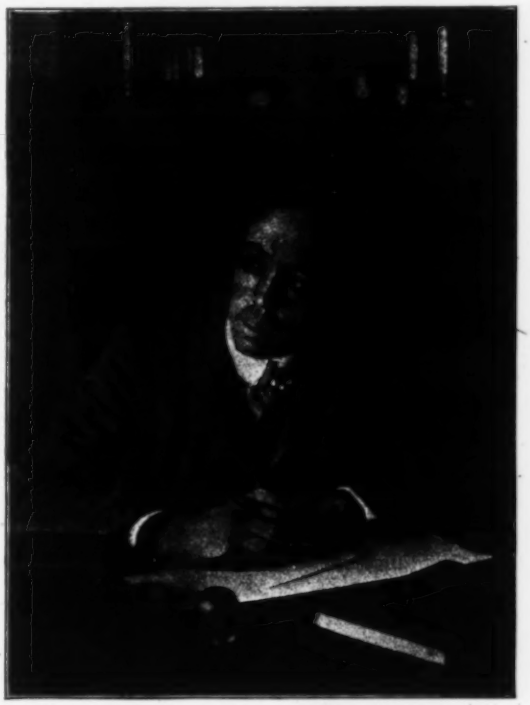
No poet of our time has made a more instant or a wider appeal than Mr. John Oxenham. His first book of verse, "Bees in Amber," is now in its two hundred and thirty-eighth thousand, and the secret of his success is no secret at all—it is just that he writes simply and sincerely in lucid, happy verse of those everyday things that are the pleasure or the business of all mankind. "Gentlemen—The King!" (2s. net; Methuen) is a sort of epic in little, telling in a series of twelve narrative poems, with lyrical interludes, the greatest story in the world—the story of Christ. Mr. Oxenham has endeavoured, as he says in a foreword, "to crystallise the story of the most wonderful and heroic personage of all time, and as clearly and simply as possible to show the meaning of the greatest life ever lived on earth." He has handled his theme reverently, imaginatively, with a fine sensitiveness to the beauty and tragic pathos of its incomparable drama. The book is illustrated with charming line drawings by Mr. Langford Jones.

Mr. F. A. Mackenzie has travelled largely and not always safely in Korea, and "Korea's Fight for Freedom" (10s. 6d. net; Simpkin, Marshall) is the story, written from personal experience and on the evidence of reliable witnesses, of what has happened in the hermit kingdom since it has fallen under the rule of Japan. It is, as an American critic has said, a book that "has played as important a part in arousing world opinion about the tragedy of Korea as did Harriet Beecher Stowe's 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' in crystallising opinion on slavery."

Everybody is talking just now of the need for speeding-up and greater production in industrial circles, and in "Getting On With It" (1s. 3d. net; G. Heath Robinson & J. Birch), Mr. W. Heath Robinson discloses in a series of short articles and a collection of drawings his own peculiar view of how divers business houses are strenuously doing what is necessary. It is the best nonsense book of the hour and the more irresistible because it illustrates with funny solemnity important affairs that are usually solemn without being funny.

The little sketches in "A Dull Day in London," by Dora Sigerson (4s. 6d. net; Eveleigh Nash), have a two-fold charm of style and thought in such perfect accord that the one seems as naturally part of the other as its fragrance is of a flower. Whether she is weaving some quaintly humorous fable of birds and cats and dogs, some-

tenderly fanciful story of children, or some beautifully revealing parable of the earth or of the lives of men and women, Mrs. Dora Sigerson Shorter wrote always with the vision of the poet and a quick human sympathy that is wider than the wideness of the sea. It is just this sympathy, this emanation of a gracious personality, that makes the charm both of her thought and of her style. Such things as "Contentment," "A Dull Day in London," "The Little Hero of High Wycombe," "The One Left Behind," "The City," and others, are stories in miniature, and yet not so much stories as essays dramatised, and they have the art of saying as much by what they leave unsaid as by what they say. "The Earthquake," "The Footfall," "The Child," are prose poems, not in form or manner, but in feeling and in imaginative suggestiveness. It is a little book of delectable reading. In a prefatory note Mr. Thomas Hardy speaks of it as "charming," and there is no word that more aptly describes it.



Mr. F. Morton Howard.

In "The Kingdom, the Power and the Glory" (3s. 6d. net; C. W. Daniel) Mr. Hamilton Fyfe has written a grimly humorous, grotesque, curiously impressive modern morality play. He quotes significantly as a foreword the belief we all profess in church: "For Thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory, for ever and ever, Amen"; and his drama of kings, queens, princes, ministers and a labour leader show the power and glory that men fight for and grasp and lose as the shoddy wear that, in our hearts, we all know it to be. If his labour leader rising to be president begins to assume the qualities he had condemned in kings, who shall talk of cynicism? Mr. Fyfe is merely true to the disillusioning facts of life as he is again in his pictures of the littleness of regal personages, and the degeneration into a pitifully ridiculous old age of the great general whose greatness is more a matter of luck than of competence. For all its play of humour, this little drama is as merciless a satire on certain aspects of public life and the established ideals of our own day as any we have read. It is one in Mr. Daniel's series of "Plays for a People's Theatre."

"Our Hero of the Golden Heart," by Annie Matheson, is the latest addition to the Young Citizen series of Rose and Dragon Books (2s. 6d. net; British Periodicals, Ltd.), and tells poignant and vivid stories of young men who fought and died in the great war. It is a gracious, wise little book and one that should be very helpful to many in these difficult days. The lessons it teaches, of the need for common brotherhood, the glory of living and dying for others, of sinking class interests in a love of all mankind, are such lessons as we must contrive to learn if the world of the future is to be any better than the world of the past.

"Artemas" is his own most dangerous rival. You open "A Dear Fool" (7s. 6d. net; Westall) expecting to find it as richly and distinctively humorous as those three Books of Artemas with which he established his reputation. But there he was a humorist on unconventional lines, and here he is a humorist of the more orthodox pattern. He writes an amusing story, but there is a touch of the first novel about it, and he sometimes spins out scenes and dialogue until the fun of them runs thin. Nevertheless, there is plenty of good laughter in the story, and enough streaks of the true "Artemas" to make one wish there were more, and if there are improbabilities, you can forgive the improbabilities of farcical comedy when it is entertaining, and "A Dear Fool" is undoubtedly that.

Reading "Twells Brex: A Conqueror of Death," by Hamilton Fyfe (6s. net; Cassell), one is reminded of how Hood wrote some of his most poignant and some of his wittiest things as he lay dying and carrying on his business as poet and as jester in the shadow of death. Twells Brex was about thirty before he discovered that he had gifts as a writer, and it was not till some few years later, when Lord Northcliffe recognised those gifts and opened the columns of the *Daily Mail* to him, that he began to do his best work. He had a droll, whimsical humour that was distinctively his own; and, like all humorists, he had a deeply serious vein and was as sensitive to the pathos and irony of life as to its grotesque and ludicrous phases. Some of the best of his miscellanies are gathered into this volume, and Mr. Fyfe has linked them up with concise, telling accounts of the circumstances in which they were written, and in a sort of prologue and epilogue tells the beginnings and end of a brief but brilliant career. Brex did nothing that was finer in style or more strangely pathetic in the indomitable courage that inspired it than the essay, "Before Sunset," which he forced himself to sit up and write, when he was in too much pain to endure even the visits of his friends, a few days before he breathed his last. Who was it that said it was better to live a poem than to write one? And this book moves one to admiration and affection for him because the story of his life, especially in its latest year, is as good reading as the best things that he wrote.

XUM

THE READER.

JOSEPH CONRAD.

By R. Ellis Roberts.

I.

As Mr. Conrad gets older his nationality becomes more apparent. I do not mean that his novels show any great affinity with Polish literature: I am too ignorant of Polish literature to know how Mr. Conrad compares with his fellow-countrymen—all one can say confidently is that he is very unlike Sienkiewicz. But ever since "Under Western Eyes" his books have betrayed the fact that he belongs to an oppressed nationality. Some of his early stories, "The Nigger of the Narcissus," "Youth," or even "Nostromo," might have been written by an Englishman; and "Chance," among the later stories, has little distinctive sign of race about it; but "Victory," "The Shadow Line," "The Arrow of Gold," and now "The Rescue," are stories that could not, I think, have come from the son of a conquering people. To many of us the literature and the art produced by the oppressed peoples—the Poles, the Serbs, the Irish—will always have an appeal of beauty which even the greatest things of other peoples must miss. There is something deliberate, something very avoidable, like the complaints of an undisciplined athlete, about the tragedies of successful persons; and though an individual member of a conquering nation may be a complete failure, or a thing mocked at by fate and circumstance, he will never touch the uttermost abyss of gloom known to those who suffer personally even as those others, but also belong to a suffering people. Our respect, our love, our reverence for these torn children of desolate lands are part of our Christian tradition: we cannot forget that for us the secret of the world and of the world to come, the secret of beauty and of truth, is held in the nail-pierced hands of the Man who was at once, in His own life, forsaken and betrayed and who belonged to a betrayed and down-trodden people. So the greatest imaginative works, if we are to look for that tragic pity which can see beyond pessimism and despair, because desperation is the condition of daily life, will always come from those who have in the blood the sense of a desertion greater than any the free people can know—to those for whom the word "home" means the same as the word "prison."

Of these is Joseph Conrad. I often think that in "Victory" he, unconsciously perhaps, wrote the epic of the enslaved people, the people with whom the point of honour is always greater than any other call of duty, the people whom a crisis must always find ready to die but too often impotent to act. Heyst, in that story, is to me a figure no less splendid than Don Quixote, and in portraying him Conrad has allowed himself a use of humour which is reminiscent at times of the strained, dangerous laughter of Cervantes, who might have foreseen, so sombre is he at times, the gradual decline of his country. In "Victory" Conrad finally acknowledges his devotion to those ideals which all enslaved people must worship unless they are to be slaves in soul—the ideals which do not save a man, which have no possible "use," which lead only to the desolation of Calvary, which invite, with a proud loneliness, that failure which other men sweat terribly to avoid. Always it is the enslaved nations who tend the flame of honour on a broken and forsaken altar: and in the fire which devours the hut, and Heyst and that splendid, flame-like Lena, Conrad, in his way, has paid his devotion at the shrine of the truth which has no reward for its worshippers, at the beauty which gives its lovers nothing but itself, and so never leaves them dissatisfied.

II.

In "The Rescue"* Conrad has a similar tale of "failure" to relate. We have met his Lingard before: for his persons come in and out of his books with the propriety of people who really live in a world not less real than our daily thing of streets and dusty endeavour. In this book we have Lingard's tragedy. In his earlier stories Conrad introduced women sparingly: he has always inclined to a romantic view of woman. He is content, not seldom, to go no further than to give us what a woman thinks a man believes of her—but he gives us that, in "Chance" especially and in "The Arrow of Gold," clad in a splendour, a protective beauty which make it something far other than the ordinary romantic woman. He has never had, I should think, Stevenson's difficulty about women: he can never himself have thought they were different creatures from men, but he has lived long among men to whom that view of woman is axiomatic; and he himself, in all those splendid stories of endeavour on the sea, was chiefly concerned with men who held that view. In "Victory" he gave us woman very differently: and I do not think that due recognition has yet been given to the amazing skill, so remote from the vulgar, spy-hole curiosity of some psychological novelists, with which Conrad used the detestable Mr. Jones to add to the poignancy of Lena's position. In "The Rescue," though still very indirectly, almost as if he would like it to be unobserved, there is a distinctly satiric note in his portrayal of Mrs. Travers.

It is not that Mrs. Travers herself is an object of satire as her husband quite frankly is. It is rather that in the circumstances of her love, in the growth of the understanding, which is a misunderstanding, between her and Lingard, Conrad allows himself to be critical of her in a way that has scarcely entered before into his work on woman. Those splendid women, of whom the defended, defenceless, self-defending Lena is the most precious, are of a different mould from the heroines of other novels. In one way they derive from Helen and Cleopatra, in another they recall to us those defiant women of Russia or Poland, women who inspire

* "The Rescue." By Joseph Conrad. 9s. net. (Dent.)

revolutions, and take the dagger or the revolver after it has dropped from the hands of men dazed with too much thinking in a world that is not theirs to make or mar. Mrs. Travers desperately wants things to happen. She is the wife of a foolish, self-opinionated, suspicious man—one of the ruling classes. The accident that brings her and Lingard together is so contrived that it brings their personal fates into contact, eventually disastrous, with the scheme on which "King Toon" has spent money and time and thought. She is, in a real sense, the cause of Lingard's failure. Had it not been for the presence of a woman on the stranded yacht he would have made short work of Travers and d'Alcacer, his polite, diplomatic friend. But he cannot leave a woman to the accidents of a native rising; and so, in his efforts to save her and his party, he loses his gems, he sacrifices his friends, the dispossessed Rajah and his sister, and he loses, worst of all, his credit among the chieftains of the islands. And for it he gets—then comes Conrad's especial genius. The end of the book tells you with a sombre finality precisely what he gets. It ranks with the finest endings in literature. The yacht has been floated, and Lingard and his mate are back on that brig which is to him "always precious—like old love; always desirable—like a strange woman; always tender—like a mother; always faithful—like the favourite daughter of a man's heart." Then on the brig Lingard has to settle on his future:

Photo by Will Cadby. **Joseph Conrad.**

"Carter approached him and spoke quietly.

"'The tide has turned and the night is coming on. Hadn't we better get away from these shoals, sir?'

"Lingard did not stir.

"'Yes, the night is coming on. You may fill the main topsail, Mr. Carter,' he said, and relapsed into silence, with his eyes fixed on the southern boards where the shadows were creeping stealthily toward the setting sun. Presently Carter stood at his elbow again.

"'The brig is beginning to forge ahead, sir,' he said, in a warning tone.

"Lingard came out of his absorption with a deep tremor of his powerful frame like the shudder of an uprooted tree.

"'How was the yacht heading when you lost sight of her?' he asked.

"'South as near as possible,' answered Carter. 'Will you give me a course to steer for to-night, sir?'

"Lingard's lips trembled before he spoke, but his voice was calm.

"'Steer north,' he said."

The end of that deep love of Lingard's, the end of the less true, because more emotional love of Mrs. Travers, is just this—desolation after the passing of beauty. Yet Conrad never leaves one with the impression that he has any sympathy with the old heresy that one should live in the moment, that it is enough to have had sensation—that is the creed of the sheltered and the egoist. The tragedy of life becomes vacant and shallow if there be nothing better than to pursue sensation: and if Lingard had had such a creed he would have steered south. It is just because he has loved that he can lose.

III.

"The Rescue" has not quite the tapestried colour of "The Arrow of Gold," and it is without that cutting edge, that sharp, acrid pain which puts "Victory" in a place of its own; but in its slower, more restrained way "The Rescue" has qualities which remind me of both books. It is very unlike "Victory" in one way. That novel contains more definitely than any work of Conrad's, except possibly "Heart of Darkness," his belief in the reality of evil—evil in men. Compared to Ricardo and Mr. Jones, Stevenson's creatures in "The Ebb-Tide"—even Huish—seem persons of the theatre, bogey-masks which frighten only until they are pushed. But Ricardo leaping at Lena, or slobbering on her foot, Mr. Jones, sweating in his dressing-gown and fingering his revolver, are visible embodiments of the power of evil. There is nothing of this in "The Rescue." The war possibly has left Conrad, as it has left so many of us, with little desire to hate. So in "The Rescue" the tragedy is less drastic, and the causes of it are stupidity and ill-chance rather than evil will. That too, I think, is a philosophy which comes in time to all members of oppressed races. They are forced, if they live with their oppressors (or even

more if they do not) to recognise that the monstrous tyranny of which their beloved country is the victim, goes on through inertia not through resolution: that men lie and cheat because they are too tired to find out the truth; and murder because they are too stupid to exercise justice. Lingard is, it is true, overcome by fate as well. The luck is against him, and he is stupefied by the combination of the chances. It is idle to say a stronger man would have overcome them: a stronger man would never have been doing what Lingard was doing—for the strong men of the world are strong only because they never really extend themselves. They never risk defeat, and so never gain a victory.

For beauty of writing and clear rendering of atmosphere "The Rescue" can challenge comparison with any previous work of Conrad's. Indeed I know none which contains more impressive passages than those which tell of Mrs. Travers's visit, with Lingard, to the native chiefs: or that other final scene when the two meet on the "arid, insignificant and deserted sandbank," when Mrs. Travers leaves Lingard, sitting by a grave on the sands, with no glance to spare for her. Indeed once again the reader is struck with the supreme mastery with which this Pole manages the English language: surely never before has a man written so superbly and so magnificently in a tongue not his by birth. I would choose, to show Conrad's power, this passage of reflection, rather than any of the descriptive passages:

"Lingard followed him with irritated eyes. A new power had come into the world, had possessed itself of human speech, had imparted to it a sinister irony of allusion. To be told that some one had 'a perfect knowledge of his mind' startled him and made him wince. It made him aware that now he did not know his own mind himself—that it seemed impossible for him even to regain that knowledge. And the new power not only had cast its spell upon the words he loved to hear, but also upon the facts that assailed him, upon the people he saw, upon the thoughts he had to guide, upon the feelings he had to bear. They remained what they had ever been—the visible surface of life open in the sun to the conquering tread of an unfettered will. Yesterday they could have been discerned clearly, mastered and despised; but now another had come into the world, and had cast over them all the wavering gloom of a dark and inscrutable purpose."

FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG.

By COMPTON MACKENZIE.

MR. FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG may be called the most fortunate or the most unfortunate of the younger novelists: it depends on the point of view. If a general discussion of his chance in the great tontine of fame really help a novelist he must be esteemed unfortunate, for that chance has certainly not received anything like the attention it deserves from the recent accumulations of ephemeral criticism which now appear as regularly as new magazines. If, on the other hand—and I suspect that this opinion is more justifiable—it be really a handicap for an artist to find himself taken too seriously at the beginning of his career, then Mr. Brett Young must be counted the most fortunate. The present method of appraising authors has more affinity with racing gossip than with literature, and the climax is reached when the appraiser, not content with estimating contemporary values, indulges in speculations about the values of posterity that savour more of spiritualism than of criticism. I am sure that Mr. Brett Young has lost nothing because he has never been pictured drinking in Elysium five hundred years hence the distilled nectar of earthly fame, or even, to pass from the trivial to the significant, because Henry James did not include him in that famous article on the younger generation which set a few hearts beating and so many burning.

Francis Brett Young.
From a photo taken at his house in Capri.

For one thing, such neglect has allowed Mr. Brett Young a free hand to experiment; and so interesting has been each one of these experiments, at any rate so far as his prose and verse are concerned—I cannot speak of his plays—that his varied production might serve as a text to illustrate the tendencies of our time.

Tendencies are as infectious as influenza; even with rigid isolation the subject is not immune, but he is safer thus than he would be by frequenting various literary groups, which are the worst disseminators of such infection. Mr. Brett Young, who was a doctor before he became a writer, probably learnt in the exercise of his earlier profession the wisdom of avoiding infected areas unless compelled to visit them professionally. Literature has not summoned him professionally into such infected areas, and, with the exception of an

excellent book on Robert Bridges, in which he gave a model diagnosis of a completely uninfectious patient, he has not been called upon to administer the consolations of criticism.

At the same time, one feels that Mr. Brett Young has indulged in a certain amount of research among the infectious tendencies of the present day; so much so, that occasionally he seems to have felt that it was his duty to inoculate himself, however mildly, with each serum in turn. The first tendency of this kind was towards a type of Welsh influenza which has remained endemic in the Marches, and which, under the influence of Mr. Arthur Machen, almost grew into a pandemic. The result was "Undergrowth," and it is interesting to notice that, like so many of the maladies of our early days, it ran through the household and infected his brother simultaneously, so that Mr. Francis Brett Young's first novel was really only half a first novel, the other half belonging to Mr. Eric Brett Young. The book is concerned with "old, unhappy far-off things" impinging upon the present, and you can get a better thrill from it than from any book of the same kind, always excepting "The Three Impostors." Incidentally it introduced a writer whose pen for landscape was evidently going to be one of the most accomplished of our time.

Francis Brett Young.

From a crayon drawing by Lucy Flannigan.

"Undergrowth" was followed by "Deep Sea," which is as different from "Undergrowth" as cheese from—in this case—Silurian. "Deep Sea" is a story of Brixham and Brixham trawlers, a simple and moving story, free from any hint of a tendency and achieving what, with much more elaboration of effort, the next book, "The Dark Tower," fails to achieve, the illumination of a minor tragedy by a privileged and sympathetic onlooker. The weakness of "Deep Sea" lies in what seems the author's lack of relish for the villainy; and this is a weakness which is noticeable right through his work. I do not think that any other living writer can evoke a sinister landscape at once so accurately and so alarmingly; but the sinister personalities in these landscapes sometimes turn out on approach to be scarecrows. This is not to deny that a scarecrow well placed can be as frightening as Charles Peace, if we keep our distance. The horrible requires at close quarters the naturalism of the Chamber of Horrors with its rows of glassy blue eyes and with its waxwork that simulates the human skin.

Perhaps Mr. Brett Young was conscious of this weakness, for in "The Dark Tower," the theme of which is essentially a sinister landscape, he experimented with some of the Conrad serum, in order to provide a human interest as suggestive, as complicated, and as provocatively obscure as his wonderful landscape. This is not the time to divagate into an examination of Mr. Conrad's method of narration, and I must take the risk of appearing superficial by saying that, roughly, this consists in viewing the dramatis personæ through a cloud of ordinary personalities that melts in a rain of inverted commas, above which can be heard the remote thunder of the tale and through which flashes the lightning of the author's revelation. Such a method, with all its pretence of "naturalism," is for me the least naturalistic that there is. I believe neither in Mr. Conrad's unending Marlowe nor in Mr. Brett Young's more finite Marsden: they are no more human than unresolved algebraical brackets. If the old Olympian method by which the novelist was allowed to know all about his puppets is no longer tolerable at our present pitch of literary refinement, it will at any rate never be ousted by this new contorted method, which is like craning at a football match from the middle of a crowd. Progress in art is a history of discarded conventions. Marlowes and Marsdens are only fresh conventions, clumsy or graceful according to one's taste; with the *deus ex machina*, the servants at the rise of the curtain, the messenger, the lonely horseman silhouetted against the last rays of the setting sun, the confidante, the soliloquy, the aside, and the transformation scene, they too will, in their day, pass to the property-room of art. But my intense dislike of oblique narrative has made me unjust to "The Dark

Tower"; the tale often "walks in beauty like the night."

Mr. Brett Young's next book, "The Iron Age," begins with a very small injection of the Arnold Bennett serum, the effect of which is rapidly thrown off to show us more of Mr. Brett Young than any of the preceding books. There is again admirable scenery (that was to be expected); but there is now also visible a real ability to create human character, and though less pretentious in its psychology than "The Dark Tower," "The Iron Age" is more convincing. The fault of the book is an abrupt conclusion, brought about by the late war, at the very moment when Mr. Brett Young was in full swing with his theme. I am not such a fool, being a novelist myself, as to suppose that the war is not going to intrude upon the greater part of the novels written during the next twenty years. But Mars is not the only god emerging from a machine; the great war is not a finale like the general carnage of an Elizabethan tragedy, and it is to be hoped that novelists will remember the entrance of Fortinbras at the close of "Hamlet." The flow of normal life, be it dammed never so violently, will gradually be restored.

Mr. Brett Young, having sent off his hero to the war, followed him immediately afterward, and was lucky enough (this can be said since he came safely home) to take part in the East African campaign. The result of this experience was "Marching on Tanga," which made a deep impression and brought his name into real prominence for the first time. Written under a stress of emotion and exaltation in a rhythmical prose that somewhat too frequently breaks into blank verse, it is a remarkable record of a remarkable experience, and it already beautifully fills in the immense library of war books a space which is assuredly a permanent one.

The experience gained in East Africa was now utilised less directly in "The Crescent Moon," which Mr. Brett Young in the dedication characterises as a "shocker." He is unjust to himself, and this display of self-consciousness extends to imperil the whole story, for if Mr. Brett Young does not believe in his book, how shall he preserve the illusion that in so violent a story is more than ever essential? I cannot help feeling all the time I am reading it that the author is looking over his shoulder a little apologetically and saying to some critic who during the war kept the divine fires burning at home: "I'm sorry I went away and had so much experience of blood and thunder; you will quite understand that I realise how shocking all this is, and I will try never to do it again." But why this apology? For the good or for the ill of our art some of us have been dragged through hell these last years, so that storms in teacups and the chess-problems of adultery are less attractive than formerly. "The Crescent Moon" requires no apology; I believe that it may be the apology which has once more taken the edge off Mr. Brett Young's villain.

But the effect of East Africa was not exhausted by "Marching on Tanga" or "The Crescent Moon." If the description of that emotion was in prose, the expression of it was in verse, and in "Five Degrees South," or more completely in "Poems, 1916–1918," Mr. Brett Young became definitely, even conspicuously, one of the "Georgian" poets, to use the muddle-headed jargon of the moment. There is a legend being sedulously spread that we live in a great age of poetry, propaganda for which is conducted unscrupulously enough by the poets themselves. Was it De Musset who said that his glass was not a large one, but that he did drink out of his own? The "Georgian" poets might add: "Our glass is not very large either, and we all drink out of it in turn, although some of us do possess small liqueur glasses of our own." I think that Mr. Brett Young has one of these liqueur glasses, and a very beautiful little glass it is, wrought by a cunning workman and brimming with a liqueur that was not bottled yesterday. In the latest volume of "Georgian" poetry there are several examples of Mr. Brett Young; and "Prothalamion," with its exquisite dying fall, might almost tempt one to suppose that we do live in a renascence of poetry, and that the four-and-twenty blackbirds who are baked weekly in the printer's pie of the literary press are really a dainty dish fit to set before a Georgian king. But alas, the king is indeed in his counting-house, for the war is over; the poets are being driven like the gods of Hellas to exercise their craft less divinely; the blackbirds have become mud-larks, and the mud that formerly produced the Lily of Malud is now being used for other purposes, medicinally, no doubt some would say; "but mud is none the less mud," as one of the group sings.

Mr. Brett Young escaped the void into which peace flung professional soldiers and poets. He got back immediately to his novels, and to such purpose that with "The Young Physician" he surpassed easily all his previous books. With the exception of the hurried end, obviously dictated by the economic tyranny of publishers (themselves the prey of other tyrannies), and of an attempt to give the book the kind of form it could have dispensed with by stretching probability in respect of the "villain's" reappearance, there is not much to say against "The Young Physician." The episode of the mother's death is as good as anything in contemporary literature; there are the usual beautiful landscapes, which are now inhabited by real people; finally, there is Mr. Brett Young as himself (I do not mean autobiographically) able and willing to affirm "our true intent is all for your delight."

I confess that I like a book to be readable; it seems to me that a capacity for entertaining a certain number of people is the chief justification for writing novels. It is a low-browed ambition, but I shall persevere in it myself, and I hope that Mr. Brett Young will persevere in it too. And here is "The Tragic Bride" to encourage such a hope. For a moment, in the first half-dozen pages, I thought that I was going to be disappointed. I expected to see that fellow Marsden round the next bend of the stream. But he was not fishing in Ireland that year, and presently I was enraptured by a hundred pages of Mr. Brett Young at his best, and how good that can be readers must find out. I should like to remove these hundred pages and print them as one of the best "short stories" in the English language, for though the rest of the book is good, it is not so good as the earlier part, and though my judgment is a sentimental one founded upon the intense pleasure the earlier part gave me, I do feel that in this case the sentimental judgment is supported by the æsthetic one.

Well, here is an end of my poor attempt to remind

people that Mr. Brett Young is a novelist who has shown by his industry and steady progress, by his versatility and romantic outlook, by his technical accomplishment and by a kind of graceful modesty which is the very essence of his individuality as a writer, that he is worthy of much more attention than he has received. Yet I come back to my opinion that he is therein fortunate, because, withdrawn from the tribal wars that menace the health of the body æsthetic and unencumbered by the scalps of successful rivals, he is moving honourably toward that high place in the literature of the next decade for which he is marked out.

GALLOVIDIANUS IDENTIFIED.

BY DAVIDSON COOK, F.S.A.(Scot.).

READERS of THE BOOKMAN will remember that in an article entitled "A Burns Mystery Solved," published in the issue of April, 1919, I proved that the so-called "Elegy on Stella," beginning:

> "Strait is the spot and green the sod
> From whence my sorrows flow,
> And soundly sleeps the ever-dear
> Inhabitant below"—

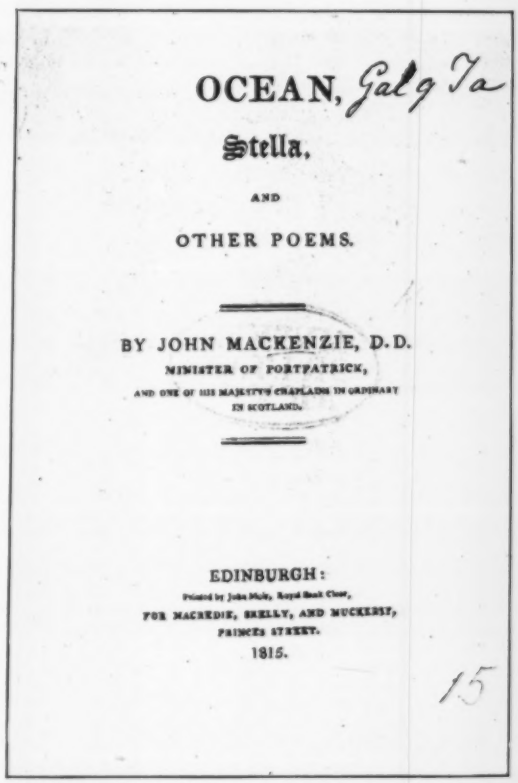
for many years ascribed to Robert Burns, and generally included in his Poetical Works, could not possibly have been written by the Ayrshire Bard, as I had found it in *The Scots Magazine* of March, 1769, printed when Burns was only ten years old. The poet who wrote it, signed the Elegy "Gallovidianus," and fifteen pieces over that pseudonym appeared in *The Scots Magazine*. They will be found as follows:

1766, p. 655; 1767, pp. 95, 198, 265, 313, 435; 1768, pp. 97, 317, 431, 652; 1769, pp. 156, 260; 177c, pp. 36, 615; 1772, p. 94.

The poems are mostly Elegies, and several of them have as their inspiration and theme the love-tragedy of the poet and his Stella, which was practically outlined by the quotations given in my former article.

That Burns was not the author of "The Elegy on Stella," though it was twice found transcribed by his hand, was, as indicated, demonstrated beyond dispute. To Burnsians it may have seemed of comparatively little consequence who wrote it, as long as no room was left for doubt, and the piece was definitely expunged from the Burns canon; but students of poetry were interested in the unknown poet's love-romance, and Gallowegians and others wanted to know who "Gallovidianus" was. Unfortunately I was not able to enlighten them, as I could find no clue, in spite of much seeking in the pages of *The Scots Magazine*. Ultimately, after following many a blind trail, Mr. John A. Fairley, author of the "Bibliography of Robert Fergusson," etc., made me aware of the fact that "Gallovidianus" had also contributed to the *Dumfries Weekly Magazine*, and kindly suggested that Mr. G. W. Shirley, the Librarian of Dumfries and Maxwelltown Ewart Public Library, might be able to furnish details. I accordingly wrote to Mr. Shirley asking for particulars of these contributions of "Gallovidianus," at the same time emphasising the importance of sifting for any possible clue to the identity of Stella's Bard.

As the result of Mr. Shirley's researches, he informs me that the name "Galovidianus" [*sic*] first appears in the *Dumfries Weekly Magazine* of April 30th, 1773, attached to a letter to the Editor exposing a piece of plagiarism of which the latter had been made the victim. In the issue of May 19th, 1773, appears an article on "Talebearing," signed "Juvenis Galovidianus," whose habitat was given as the "Banks of Cairn." The third appearance is on August 14th, 1773, when an Elegy was printed, beginning, "Far from the noisy world apart," and dated at "P—t Patrick, August 14th," signed "Galovidianus" [*sic*]. Evidently these three efforts were *not* from the pen of the real "Gallovidianus," for the following indignant letter from that poet appeared in the issue of October 12th, 1773:


OCEAN, Galg Ja

Stella,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY JOHN MACKENZIE, D.D.
MINISTER OF PORTPATRICK,
AND ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S CHAPLAINS IN ORDINARY IN SCOTLAND.

EDINBURGH:
Printed by John Mole, Royal Bank Close,
FOR MACREDIE, SKELLY, AND MUCKERSY,
PRINCES STREET.
1815.

15

Photo by Donald Macbeth, London.

Facsimile Title Page of John Mackenzie's Poems.

From the copy in the British Museum.

"Gentlemen,

"You will inform such of your readers as may think it of any consequence, that the Gentleman who appeared in one of your late magazines, under the signature of 'Gallovidianus' [*sic*] is not the Author who wrote lately under that signature in *The Scots Magazine*. Intreat that Gentleman, that he will have the humanity to spare other people's signatures, and that he will date his melancholy endeavours from some other place than P—t Patrick. Beg of him that he will adopt a signature of his own; and

Kirkmaiden Parish Churchyard,
"at the last limits of our isle," where Gallovidianus composed the Elegy ascribed to Burns.

assure him that, if he does this, nobody will probably interfere with it.

"M."

An editorial foot-note ran:

"We are assured that the *real* 'Gallovidianus' will favour us with some of his performances soon."

Sure enough, on October 26th, 1773, appears a poem, "On the Death of George Marshall, late Vintner in Dumfries," signed "Gallovidianus."

Mr. Shirley writes:

"Considering the sarcastic letter above, I came to the conclusion that the real 'Gallovidianus' had felt himself insulted by the Elegy, and lived in Portpatrick, and that his name began with 'M.' Chancing to be working with Scott's 'Fasti Ecclesiæ Scoticanæ,' I turned up Portpatrick, and found a note on John Mackenzie, and a book entitled 'Ocean, Stella, and other Poems, 1816.' Shortly afterwards I asked Mr. A. E. Hornel, the artist who bought the collection my note was taken from, if he had the book, and if the author was 'Gallovidianus.' He said, curiously enough, he had handled it that same morning, and the author was the 'Gallovidianus' of *The Scots Magazine*."

It will thus be seen that, though hinging on my investigations, the credit of establishing the identity of "Gallovidianus" belongs to Mr. Shirley. His communication sent me to Scott's "Fasti," where I found that John Mackenzie, son of Ninian Mackenzie, of Clayholes, Stranraer, had studied theology under Dr. Traill, in the University of Glasgow. It is stated that while residing at Logan, he was licensed by the Presbytery September 4th, 1771 (his blank year in *The Scots Magazine*), and ordained minister of Portpatrick on March 18th, 1773. He died the father of the Synod, on December 21st, 1836, in the ninety-third year of his age, and the sixty-fourth of his ministry. He published a volume of Sermons in 1800, to which I turned in the hope of finding a portrait of "Gallovidianus," but unfortunately the book has no such embellishment. To the good offices of the Rev. James R. Kennedy, the present parish minister of Portpatrick, I am indebted, not only for a photo of his worthy predecessor's tombstone, but also for the interesting information that Maria Edgeworth was a frequent guest in Dr. Mackenzie's manse, on her journeys to and from Ireland.

I hope Scott's "Fasti" is in general more accurate and adequate than I have found it to be, in my solitary incursion into its pages. According to the entry in the Matriculation Album of Glasgow University, the Christian name of Dr. Mackenzie's father was *Niven*, and he was then (*c.* 1761) a sailor—probably a fisherman—dwelling in the parish of Leswald in Galloway. The "Fasti" says the Rev. John Mackenzie "married 1799, and had several daughters," but no mention is made of a previous marriage, or of any sons, though my research proves that he had at least two. Either the year is wrongly printed, or the reference is to a second marriage, for the Doctor's eldest (or elder) son, Thomas Naismyth Mackenzie, who died in London in 1852, was a first year student at Glasgow University in 1797. Scott's "Fasti" is also a year wrong with the date of "Ocean, Stella, and other Poems," as will be seen by the title page which we reproduce in facsimile.

This vital volume of 158 pages (British Museum copy, 994, *e.* 26), though it does not once mention *The Scots Magazine* nor hint at the name of "Gallovidianus," affords ample evidence—proof upon proof—that he and its author, the *Rev. John Mackenzie*, are one and the same. In addition to the *Dumfries Weekly Magazine* poem (p. 101), it contains no fewer than *eight* out of the fifteen poems published by and signed "Gallovidianus" in *The Scots Magazine*.

"The Peacock" (p. 107) appeared as an "Elegy on the Death of a Peacock," in the magazine for April, 1767 (p. 198).

"Anna" (p. 87), beginning:

> "When gentle Sappho pour'd the lay
> To ease her love-distracted breast"

is to be found in the June number of the same volume (p. 313), where it is set out under the more attractive title, "Verses to a Young Lady on reading her Poems."

"Isabella" (p. 80) is the same as the last contribution of "Gallovidianus" to *The Scots Magazine* (February, 1772, p. 96), where it appears as:

> "ON THE DEATH OF A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY."
> "Yet ere thou strike that beauteous frame,
> Think all our arts will vainly strive
> To light again that lambent flame,
> Or make these gentle charms revive," etc.

"Stella" is a long poem in four parts. Part I. (p. 43) is equivalent to the magazine Elegy of February, 1767 (p. 95). It has many identical stanzas, but some are altered, and some are entirely different. Instead of the magazine opening:

> "Then we must part!—O sweetest, tend'rest maid,
> Whom Heaven e'er offered to my gazing eyes,"

the book version begins:

> "I oft had heard of passion's wild control,
> Of anger's wasteful, love's imperious sway;
> When, through the breast, their burning tides they roll,
> Lay waste the man, and cloud his brightest day."

Part II. (p. 49) is the Elegy in the February, 1768, magazine (p. 97), but with a first verse quite unlike the "Witness ye guardians of the rending heart" opening, in the old Edinburgh periodical. The 1815 book version reads:

> "Yes, I have tried—have mix'd in every scene
> Which books, which business, or which pleasures yield,
> To drown the thought, or charm the sense of pain,
> Explor'd the page, or bounded o'er the field."

Part III. (p. 56) consists of twenty-nine stanzas exactly the same as an Elegy on page 652 of the magazine

for December, 1768. Part IV. (p. 62), with a few trifling verbal variations, is the counterpart of an Elegy entitled "The Death of Stella," in *The Scots Magazine* for January, 1770, p. 36.

The minister-poet of Portpatrick does not include in "Stella," as published in his volume of Poems, the —to us all-important—"Elegy on Stella," which Professor Jack said, "No man but Burns, then living, could have written." I was not surprised at the omission, which confirms my former contention—obvious to all who read the poem analytically—that the title favoured in most editions of Burns is a misnomer, seeing that the subject of the Elegy is not "Stella," but some unnamed fair one—"the ever-dear inhabitant below," in sorrowing for whom the Bard was moved to renewed lamentations for his "Stella." While the identity of "Gallovidianus" would have been completely established without it, it is, nevertheless, particularly pleasing to find included in *Mackenzie's* volume of verse (p. 93), entitled "Incognita," the very poem transcribed by, and ascribed to, Burns—the identical twenty stanzas published in *The Scots Magazine* of March, 1769 (p. 156), and composed by "Gallovidianus" (a young poet of twenty-five) in the parish churchyard when he was located in the little Wigtonshire coast village of Port Logan:

"At the last limits of our isle,
Washed by the western wave,
Touched by thy fate a thoughtful bard
Sits lonely on thy grave.

"Pensive his eyes, before him spread
The deep outstretched and vast;
His mourning notes are borne away
Along the rapid blast."

The 1815 volume has a few trifling variations, but nothing worth noting till we come to the last verse, which is recast thus:

"Transporting thought, my maid, for then
This sickening scene shall close;
And lead thy solitary bard
To his belov'd repose."

There remains the question as to the personality of Stella, and the reality or otherwise of the poet's love-tragedy—the killing of her brother, and the death of Stella. Fortunately all speculation on these matters is ended by Doctor Mackenzie's Preface (p. vii.), in which he remarks:

"In Stella, though he speaks in the first person, he hopes it is unnecessary to say, that the author is not the hero. It was composed at an early period, when the passions are in their strength. The only competent question is, whether he has given a true delineation of the passion he describes, and of the sentiments and feelings which arise out of the situation. For this, and this only, he considers himself responsible."

So the Stella of "Gallovidianus," as explained by Mackenzie, was a poetic creation, and the poet's *pen* was mightier than his *sword*, even to the slaying of her "haughty brother." Yet we find in one of his "other poems" that tragedy came to the poet's door in grim reality—he lost a son, Captain John Mackenzie, who in 1809 fell leading a forlorn hope in battle. Many who in these days have drunk the same bitter cup, will read with a deep understanding this tender verse of the forgotten poet of the manse in Grey Galloway:

"Shade of my dear departed boy,
Say what the cause can be
That I can sing of other's woes,
Their hopes, their fears, their griefs disclose,
But cannot sing of thee?
My wild harp grovelling on the ground,
From passing winds may catch a sound,
But low and sad the melody."

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

AUGUST, 1920.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best advice in not more than one hundred words to young persons about to marry.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JULY.

I.—The Prize for the best lyric is divided, and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to Rachael

Miss Dorothy à Beckett Terrell,

whose new novel, "Oh, Mary!" (Books Ltd.), was recently reviewed in THE BOOKMAN.

Bates, of The Orchard, Great Crosby, near Liverpool, and Mary Humphreys, of 932, 14th Street N.W., Washington, D.C., U.S.A., for the following :

FAERY.

Out of my sleep I rose at last
And to that dreamful country passed
Where they believe in magic still,
And the strange people dwelling there
Came stepping out, as light as air,
To play me sweetly up the hill.

With call of trumpet and the thin,
High voice of flutes they played me in
To faeried moor and haunted fell,
And all my dear imaginings
Came trooping from the heart of things,
More beautiful than words can tell.

Above my head I felt the stir
Of half-told secrets, gossamer
And glittering as webs of dew,
And all about my face there fell
The hush of wings invisible
And elfin music beating through.

Beneath dim archways of the trees
They drew me with wild promises,
With charméd words they led me on,
And 'twixt the shadows and the beams
Pure faces of unnumbered dreams
Flashed for a moment, and were gone.

They brought me to enchanted lanes
Where day lies bound in silver chains,
Bright chains, of threaded dewdrops made,
And one walked by me all the way
Whose fingers on my fingers lay
In perfect friendship, unafraid.

Then to that tender gaze I turned—
Oh, friend, these things that I have learned
When morning comes I shall forget.
Ah, never let me go—in vain !
The magic vistas melt and wane
And dying voices sigh—*not yet.*

RACHAEL BATES.

BARABBAS.

The night fell swiftly with a black foreboding,
And thro' the Holy City's silent street,
Where shadows of the coming storm lay brooding,
A terror seemed to flit with furtive feet ;
Above the hills the clouds hung low, and steady
The thunder's crash resounded thro' the calm,
But in the Place of Tombs beyond the city
Barabbas slept beside the withering palm.

Jerusalem ! O city of disaster !
A curse has come upon you in the night,
That ever as the slave unto the master
Your sons shall wander forth beneath a blight ;
Far from the tombs and temples of their fathers,
Heavy with frankincense and sweet with psalm,
Far from the land where, as the storm cloud gathers,
Barrabas sleeps beside the withering palm.

The Dawn has looked upon the Sun, her lover,
The Dawn is trembling in his fierce embrace,
On Jordan's waves her rosy footfalls hover,
On David's city shines her radiant face ;
The Day has risen to her bright adorning,
Pure as a virgin, innocent as the lamb,
And cradled in the glory of the morning,
Barabbas sleeps beside the withering palm.

Jerusalem ! the curse thro' love is lifting !
Soft glints the sunlight on your spires and homes,
Back from far distant shrines and oceans drifting,
Back to his birthright cheated Esau comes ;
Back to the Land of Promise love has shriven
O surely ! for it shed its healing balm
On one poor sinner, and, his sins forgiven,
Barabbas sleeps beside the withering palm.

We also select for printing : MARY HUMPHREYS.

FLOWERS FOR A DEAD CHILD.

I have brought flowers for you, O little Soul,
Tall white-lipped lilies, whence the bee has fled,
Soft summer roses, dyed with gold and red,
And purple loosestrife, gathered fair and whole
By singing streams—all that the seasons bear,
To lay within your hands and in your hair.

Now that June's splendour burns on every hill
Between the brown feet of the murmuring trees,
Fresh from new fallen dews I bring you these,
And these, once loved, will you not love them still ?
Life beats within their veins and in their eyes
Gleams yet the coloured fire of summer skies.

Why did you leave the flowered ways of earth,
The sleepy hills and hidden water-springs
And me, who loved you more than all these things ?
Was the poor heart I gave so little worth
That, when Death called you at the close of day,
You cast it by and followed him away ?

Ah ! little Brother, Life was good to you,
But lovelier far than Life or Death is Love,
Sweeter than all the music of the dove
And softer than the falling of the dew ;
Therefore I weave these flowers to crown your hair
That, at his coming, Love may find you fair.

(John Dronsfield, 23, Sedgley Avenue, Prestwich, Lancs.)

We specially commend the lyrics by Leslie M. Priest (Norwich), L. Myfanwy Pryce (Spilsby), Helen Mitcham (Limehouse), Lucy Malleson (West Kensington), Gertrude Pitt (London, N.), G. H. Cobb (Oxford), V. D. Goodwin (Gillingham), M. B. (Calne), Doris Amy Ibbotson (Newport, I.O.W.), D. Bundy (St. John's Wood), Ivan Adair (Dublin), J. Richards (Jarrow-on-Tyne), Vera T. Arlett (Worthing), Marion Buchanan (Glasgow), Herbert W. Barnsdale (Lincoln), Nancy Pollok (Glasgow), John A. Bellchambers (Highgate Hill), Fredk. Williams (Stoke Newington), H. P. Kingston (Willenhall), Winnifred Tasker (Llandudno), Kathleen Walton (Marlow), Phyllis Marks (London, N.W.), Victor Allen (Harrogate), A. B. Hindmarsh (Hartlepool), M. G. Allen (Keighley), Lorna Fellows (London, S.W.), Fredk. J. Webb (London, N.), Barbara E. Todd (Dorchester), Kathleen Ida Noble (London, N.), Theresa Noble (London, E.), Violet Walker (Whitehaven), A. E. Edwards (Leamington), Kersasp Hormasji Kanga (Bombay), Emily Rowan (Birmingham), Florence M. Ward (Birmingham), Herbert Lionel Elvin (Westcliff-on-Sea), Mariquita Gutiérrez (San Sebastian), Sadie C. Clay (Tingley), Cecil Thomas (Quetta, India), John J. Finan (Manchester), Mary E. Steel (Darlington).

II.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to E. M. Riley, of 45, Friarswood Road, Newcastle, Staffs, for the following :

NINETEEN IMPRESSIONS. BY J. D. BERESFORD. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

" Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty."
SHAKESPEARE, *Twelfth Night.*

We also select for printing :

THE LINE'S ENGAGED. BY ALBERT E. WELMAN. (Jarrold.)

" We ask and ask."
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Shakespeare.*

(Sidney S. Wright, 12, Swanley Lane, Swanley, Kent.)

THE WOMAN WHO HELD ON. BY FERGUS HUME. (Ward, Lock.)

" So Willy and I were wedded."
TENNYSON, *The Grandmother.*

(Annie Allen, 12, Bickham Park Road, Peverell, Plymouth.)

III.—The Prize for the best account of anything seen or heard during a holiday at home or abroad is divided, and Two Books each awarded to Major L. E. Williams, of 9, Holders Road, Farm Settlement, Amesbury, Wilts, and Ida Coates, of the University, Sheffield, for the following :

THE CURÉ OF BARLEUX.

Filling in shell holes, and planting potatoes, his soutane looped up to his waist, Mons. the Curé of Barleux smiled a welcome to us, leaning on his spade. He has returned with his flock to the ruin that was once a village, and with pride shows visitors his church, which is unique on the Somme ; a nissen hut raised on mud walls. Mons. the Curé pulls the cord of the minute bell. What a pitiful cracked voice—but it is the first church bell to ring over the desert. The church is full of bright colours. Painted walls imitate marble, and in the east end is a painted crucifix. Over the altar is the word " Pax." Pax—it means so much to the church at Barleux. Mons. the Curé tells how the English soldiers gave the hut and built the bell turret. The French made the walls and gave the bell. And the paintings were the work of a German prisoner. Pax in the midst of this desert. As we returned to Peronne the cracked bell of Barleux began to ring for Salut. Pax . . . Pax . . . Pax . . . the grandest peal in all Christendom never rang so brave a song.

MAJOR L. E. WILLIAMS.

EVE.

It is because I imagine that few of your readers will have spent their holidays as I have chosen to do, in a general hospital in a big industrial city, that I venture this yarn :—I made her acquaintance yesterday, and I have christened her Eve. Eve is a tiny maid of three, ill-nourished and scantily clothed. Her hair might have been golden had it been clean, but it, like the rest of the small body, was caked with dirt. She was brought into the casualty-room screaming at the top of her voice. One of the younger members of her family had pushed her on to the fire, and the small child had got rather badly burnt. It was quite a long time before I pacified her sufficiently to be able to attend to her hurts, and even then she persisted in sobbing and yelling. Finally I finished the operation and got dressings on the wounds, and was about to dismiss her, when she looked up at me, her blue eyes still swimming with tears, and her lips quivering, and said : " I'se sorwy I cwied, but . . ." (and here a little watery smile lit up her pi,ched face) " you can kiss me now."

IDA COATES.

Several of the accounts of things seen and heard are very good—some of the local legends curious and interesting—and but for lack of space we should like to print at least a dozen of them. We specially commend those by the Hon. Emily Ward (Knightsbridge), J. R. Sisson (Wallasey), E. M. M. Phillips (Leicester), Sidney Anderson (West Didsbury), Gladys M. E. Leigh (Birmingham), Mrs. Sybilla Kirkland Vesey (Glenfarg), A. Edwards (Leamington), M. C. Jobson (Hornchurch), Abraham Kotlur (Woolwich), M. A. Lotz (Wimbledon Common), P. Hoole Jackson (Stockport), Gwendolen Leyonhufvud (Nissafors, Sweden), Horace W. Walker (Beeston), H. Dalton Vasey (Leytonstone), M. E. Ryland (Birmingham).

IV.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review is awarded to A. B. Stainforth, of Melverley, Hatch End, Middlesex, for the following :

POTTERISM. BY ROSE MACAULAY. (Collins.)

In Miss Macaulay's " Potterism," the wholesale condemnation of the trend of our national life is, in spite of the author's supremely clever and witty thrusts, not really bitter. She is almost hopeless over the muddled, sentimental outlook which she calls Potterism, and with which she credits every one in more or less degree, but she shows it inextricably woven with good things in human character and is, on the whole, humorously forlorn rather than denunciatory. At times, however, she is inspired with very deep feeling and the expression of her unsatisfied longing for truth and cool judgment becomes impassioned and fine.

We also select for printing :

TENSION. BY E. M. DELAFIELD. (Hutchinson.)

Miss Delafield goes to work with the ideals of a black-and-white artist. Not a line of dialogue, not a description, is unnecessary to the unfolding of her plot or the development of her characters. She is a master of economy. Lady Edna Rossiter is an exquisitely-drawn portrait of a tiresome, scheming, artificial woman ; she is for ever talking, and in each conversation she reveals herself gradually and completely, while her husband becomes a familiar and lovable figure in contrast by his silences. Miss Delafield tells her story well, though one might plead for a more satisfactory ending.

(Mrs. D. M. Denniston, 48, Royal Avenue, Chelsea, S.W.3.)

EASTERN NIGHTS AND FLIGHTS.

BY CONTACT (ALAN BOTT). (Blackwood.)

Although " Eastern Nights and Flights " is chiefly an account of Mr. Alan Bott's experiences when a prisoner in Turkish and Austrian hands it is, as its title indicates, far more than a mere journal of prison life. In his adventures " Contact " had ample material for a tale which would have taxed our pre-war credulity sorely. This tale he unfolds to the delighted reader in graphic style, giving many wonderful glimpses of life in and around Constantinople. And the most absorbing of these adventures may be followed with the comforting certainty that as the author lived to write his own story it is bound to come right in the end !

(W. Bates, General Boys' School, Bridport.)

We also select for special commendation the reviews by R. E. Bruce (Bromley), Malcom Welsh (Muswell Hill), E. A. Raspin (Bradford), Winifred M. Davies (Brynmawr), Mrs. Beatrice Mainwaring (Whitmore), B. Noël Saxelby (Manchester), Rev. W. J. May (Wellingborough), Ethel Webster (Bristol), H. E. Leeds (Caterham), C. Roy Price (London, W.C.1), G. W. Bowes (Rishton), A. Eleanor Pinnington (Exeter), A. E. Gowers (Haverhill), Kathleen Martin (Chelmsford), W. Swayne Little (Blackrock), J. Scott (Cheltenham), F. Willmer (Ramsey), M. J. Forsyth (Highgate), M. R. Fleeson (Manchester).

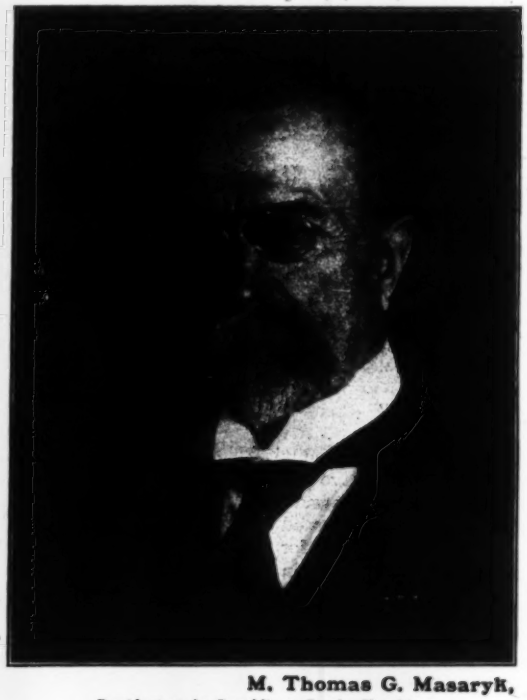
V.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Sidney Anderson, Restemeth, West Didsbury.

THOMAS G. MASARYK.

BY WALTER JERROLD.

AS President of the Czecho-Slovak Republic Professor Masaryk occupies a position which by many people may well be regarded as merely political, but as such there would be no reason for writing of him here. It is, however, well to be reminded that he was a bookman nearly forty years before being called upon to fill the high position which he now occupies. He was indeed a professor at King's College when unanimously acclaimed president of the new state. " When our Republic was formed, it was to London that we had to send for a president," as I was told during a recent visit to Prague, when I had the privilege of meeting the man who stands in our time as a new and striking embodiment of Carlyle's Hero as Man of

Letters. It is a deeply impressive personality that is revealed by the strong face, the intensely sad eyes, of the thinker who has been called upon to be ruler, and one that on the instant inspires confidence.



M. Thomas G. Masaryk,
President of the Republic of Czecho-Slovakia.

Thomas Garrigue Masaryk, who was born at Hodonin, March 7th, 1850, was the son of a Slovakian coachman and a Moravian mother of partly German descent, and thus remarkably represents in his own person the different races who form the republic of which he was happily chosen to be the first President. He was educated first at a Czech school, then at German schools at Hustopech and Brno, where it is said he distinguished himself in all directions. After being apprenticed for a time to a Vienna locksmith, and later essaying work as a blacksmith in Moravia, his interrupted studies were, at the earnest solicitation of his teachers, renewed; he went to Vienna and graduated there, and later to Leipzig. In 1878 he married, and in 1882 received a professional appointment on the Czech side of the University of Prague. He had already published, in Czech, a psychological treatise, "On Hypnotism" (1880), and, in German, "Suicide: An Epidemical Social Phenomenon of the Modern World" (1881). These were followed by a number of other works on literature and philosophy, and here it may be said that Masaryk showed himself to be a severe critic of German philosophy, and his earlier works included studies of English (Hume and Buckle) and French (Blaise Pascal) thinkers whom he was the means of introducing to his countrymen. His books are mainly designed to appeal to students and the better-educated classes.

Early in his literary career Masaryk's outspoken honesty in a matter that touched the national pride made for him many bitter opponents; this was in his destructive criticism of certain Czech manuscripts which for some sixty years had been by most authorities accepted as genuine ancient poems, but which he showed to be early nineteenth century forgeries. His contention in the matter is now, I think, generally accepted by Czech scholars, and though the influence of those poems on the Czech literary revival is recognised, their antiquity is now but little upheld. Later, too, and for several years, Masaryk antagonised many of his fellow Czechs by the way in which as teacher and writer he appeared to belittle national aspirations by emphasising the paramount importance of education. National emancipation from Austrian Imperial thraldom was so deeply desired that it appeared to many to be an end in itself. As author of "The Czech Question and Our Present Crisis" (1895), Professor Masaryk insisted that national independence was only a means:

> Independence will not preserve and save any nation. The nation must preserve its independence — morality and education will be our salvation; even political independence is only a means to attain the righteous living of the nation."

His very idealism, his logical carrying out of the teaching of the great historian Palacky and of the founders of the wonderful Sokol organisation, was misunderstood by those who looked upon the satisfaction of political claims as the one thing needful. As he had already written in his study of "Suicide":

> "Who redeemed mankind? Neither a politician, nor an economist, nor a socialist, nor a demagogue. It is really sublime how in the political and social unrest of his time Christ keeps aloof from all politics; how easy it would have been for Him to win over through political and socialistic agitation. He, however, demands the perfection of character, requires the deepening of feeling; he wishes people to become good because he knows that only thus will they find contentment for their souls."

By the time that the great war broke out, the philosophical writer and teacher had at length come to be recognised by a goodly number of his countrymen for what he was—the intellectual leader of his generation; and by the close of that war, when three centuries of oppression at last came to an end, he was acclaimed by the most divergent peoples and parties in the old state renewed as the only possible leader. Carlyle's words concerning the hero as man of letters are brought to mind: "Meanwhile, since it is the spiritual always that determines the material, this same Man-of-Letters Hero must be regarded as our most important modern person. He, such as he may be, is the soul of all. What he teaches, the whole world will do and make. The world's manner of dealing with him is the most significant feature of the world's general position." Though it may well be believed that Carlyle had not considered the possibility of making the man-of-letters ruler of a modern state, the closing words of that passage, if right, should be of happy augury for Czecho-Slovakia.

Of President Masaryk's writings it is unfortunately but little that is available for English readers, though many of them have appeared in German. Apart from his inaugural lecture at King's College, on "The Problem of Small Nations in the European Crisis," and a translation of "The Spirit of Russia" (1919), it is but by brief translated passages that we can gauge the whole. Such passages as are given in the pamphlet biography of the President by Jan Herben, translated into English by Elsie Havlasa (to which I am much indebted in the preparing of this article), inspire the hope that some of Masaryk's principal works will be made available in English renderings.

New Books.

DISRAELI: THE FINAL ACT.*

The last phases of a great man's career are always the most interesting if his vitality survives, because in them we find the fine flower of his genius and, in the present case, of his power. Disraeli is unique. "If anything is to be really done in the world," he exclaims in the unfinished novel which he began when he was over seventy, "it must be done by visionaries, men who see the future and make the future because they see it." Disraeli was above all a true and creative visionary, not in the misused sense of a loose generation which mistakes spasmodic theory and sloppy experiment for vision, but in the sense of a far-seeing and foreseeing man of creative imagination. Both as statesman, artist and master of men, he impressed his will on the world, and must ever stand out a commanding as well as a fascinating figure. I may be pardoned for venturing to feel a subdued satisfaction in marking that the biography which Mr. Buckle has so ably compressed and completed fully confirms what I was the first years ago to point out, namely, that it is Disraeli's originative ideas that rule his whole system, that they form at once his soul and the clue to his character—a fact derided in many quarters when I essayed to illustrate and interpret it. Time, as Disraeli always insisted, unfolds everything, and in the perspective of these volumes we are able to discern who was the giant and who the dwarfs. For the dwarfs have a knack in their generation of imputing their failures not to their own pettiness, but to the sleight-of-hand rather than the strength of the giants, to finesse rather than to force.

Space does not suffice for a recapitulation of all the innate ideas which were Disraeli's kingdom, but a few of them, here infinitely applied, may be summarised. The central idea is that Government is divine and that the Church, as an institution both religious and secular, must hallow the State, which should prescribe its discipline without limiting its influence. The second idea is Empire in conjunction with a free and represented Colonial system. The third, that institutions which embody character are organic and that all change should be grafted on tradition. The fourth, that real progress is not dependent on incessant change, but is bound up with the spiritual nature of man. The fifth, that foreign affairs are Great Britain's interests abroad, and not a vague and unself-respecting "idealism" which tends to international broils and anarchy. The sixth, that the abstract doctrines of the French Revolution are fatal when translated into action, and that true liberty is founded on earned privilege, not on fictional rights—in a word, that freedom is perfect service. The seventh, that our old constitution represents the just limits of every part of a Government which should rule without meddling, that as the Crown and the aristocracy are limited by it, so also is democracy; that an unlimited democracy is an unlimited misfortune, holding the seeds of a weak and suicidal absolutism. The eighth, that "the past is an element of our power." The ninth, that individuality and imagination control the world. The tenth, that "all is race"—that nationality is an ideal combining and subliming races, and that "race" must never be confused with or detached from "nation." The eleventh, that it is just as fatal to regard "democracy" as a class instead of an element as to take aristocracy for a class instead of an element. The twelfth, that despite "rant and cant," any system of international cosmopolitanism opens the floodgates to war and substitutes fraud for force. He had no patience with "European Jacobinism," and, throughout, he compassed "the Monarch and the Multitude"—Bolingbroke's "Patriot King," an ideal largely realised by his devoted Queen. For him patriotism was not only a principle, but a passion. He desired to maintain, as he put it in his great speech of 1874 on Home Rule, "a united people welded in one great nationality." Responsibility, clearness of purpose for England's greatness, liberty with order, empire with vision, social reform without social disorganisation—all these were enforced by an immense though never overbearing personality, joined to intellectual eloquence, sparkling wit, and a sense of humour and irony artistic in the extreme.

"'Not insensible to the principle of progress,' he wrote in 1876 when he bade farewell to his constituents, 'I have endeavoured to reconcile change with that respect for tradition which is one of the main elements of our social strength, and in external affairs I have endeavoured to develop and strengthen our Empire, believing that a combination of achievement and responsibility elevates the character and the condition of a people.'"

Macdonald, one of the first Labour members, declared that Disraeli had done more for the people's real welfare in ten years than the Liberals in fifty. Bismarck, his warm admirer, affirmed that Lord Beaconsfield at Berlin did not only represent England, but that he *was* England. He may further be said to have reanimated and cemented the Indian Empire by his appeal to imagination in creating the Queen-Empress, and by the dramatic strokes not only of summoning the Indian troops to Malta, but of the Suez Canal-shares acquisition.

Space forbids any pursuance of the crises that crowded the last ten years of his life. We begin with his brief tenure of power after carrying into effect that Reform Bill which for eighteen years he had pondered and matured, only to find that his first appeal to it miscarried. Then followed the duel between Gladstone and himself—between the North Sea and the Mediterranean—a duel which in Gladstone's case clearly degenerated into a vendetta. In the Irish problems—Church and Land—his prescience proved unerring, as also in the case of Russia and the Black Sea Treaty. Then followed the thunderbolt of 1870—the "German Revolution" as he discerned it to be with his criticism of the Liberals as "strong in words—but a mediation of phrases won't do." He had to lead a disheartened opposition, "querulous and captious," which with wonderful tact, courage and delicacy he inspired and reorganised, gradually "educating" Lord Salisbury as he had educated the country, and truly adored by the Queen, whom indeed he often had to restrain—"The Faery," as he called her, after Spenser's heroine. Gradually the nation at large grew to understand and admire him; he became a habit, and his great speeches at Manchester and the Crystal Palace proclaimed his coming policy of social reform, empire, strength, and "Sanitas Sanitatum," while they sounded the death-knell of a "drugged Government," whose condemnation lies in the verification of Disraeli's prophecies. Then at length came his nine years' reign at the age of seventy, with all its romance of realisation and realisation of romance. The attachment of the nation, the triumphal return from Berlin, and, to use a favourite phrase of his, "all that"—all this must be left to the reader, who will be as much fascinated as all who came under the personal spell of one who was not only strong, but gentle, not only a subduer to the dyer's hand of the colours which he loved, but whose manners, as Lady Dorothy Neville once assured me, were the best that she had ever known—and she had known everybody. New characterisations and new lights, both public and private, will be found throughout. Mr. Buckle has wisely portrayed Disraeli through his speeches, dispatches and letters—the most brilliant since Byron's; and not only does he correlate the later novels to their foundations, but he gives the fragment of that unfinished one (already quoted), in which the tracks of Nihilism are pursued (as in "Lothair" had been the secret and international

* "The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield." By George Earle Buckle (in succession to W. F. Monypenny). Volumes V. and VI. 18s. each net. (John Murray.)

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societies). Falconet, the hero, is plainly meant for Gladstone, but I cannot help suspecting that, like most of Disraeli's figures, it is a composite character, with some adumbration in it of the rising Chamberlain.

It is the personal that enthrals and the feminine that enchants. Disraeli owned that power and sympathy were the requisites of his life, and avowed as a septuagenarian that his misfortune lay in an ever-young imagination. "I live," he exclaims, "for power and the affections," and "Without sympathy I prefer solitude." Of him it may well be said that

> "If it be a sin to covet honour,
> I am the most offending soul alive."

The energy which was the sheath of his spirit never yielded to long bouts of wearing illness, and he would sit for twelve hours at a stretch in the House of Commons when he was not fit to stand. After the desolation of his devoted wife's death, he sought the solace of two brilliant ladies whom he had admired in his youth—Lady Bradford, whom he worshipped, and Lady Chesterfield, whom he had wished to marry when he was thirty and asked to marry when he was seventy. Of the former he wrote that she had "the sweetness and simplicity of a flower." He confided everything to her with a characteristic blend of nonchalance and spirituality, wit and reverie.

> "'I sit in silence,' he sighs in 1874, 'quite unable to read' [and how variously he read has never till now been disclosed], 'musing over the wondrous twelve months that have elapsed since this time last year. I have had at least my dream, and if my shattered energies never rally, which (after six months) is what I must be prepared for, I have at any rate reached the pinnacle of power and gauged the sweetest and deepest affections of the heart.'"

That power he dedicated to England's greatness: Berlin and much else were to follow. Zeal for his country's honour, as Lord Salisbury said after his death, consumed him, and to the last gasp he maintained his devotion to duty and a chivalry in its performance. The correspondence with the Queen is equally entrancing, and none the less so for the foibles on both sides. When the Suez Canal business was achieved: "There you leave it, Madam," was his announcement. But he could manage as well as defer, and never did he lose grip of the reins, just as always did he take the whole burden on his own shoulders. Though wonderfully open and receptive in mind, he tended in his fixed ideas to some rigidity, and he was the same on the pinnacle of power and popularity as he had been on the threshold of aspiration—ever both a great doer and a great dreamer, socially as well as governmentally a leader and counsellor. By his intimates and subordinates he was truly beloved, and the mystery and mastery which loomed prominent in the public eye overlay a real simplicity and even majesty of spirit. If we know the three strains which permeated him, that of our own eighteenth century, the high strain of his Sephardic forefathers, that of the fine satirist Lucian, and that of the prince-prophet Isaiah, he is no "sphinx" at all, but a genius of the antique world. By virtue of his inherent romanticism he made the dry desert of politics blossom like the rose. His whole career was a romance, a romance which he created both in life and through the novels, in which the Book of Wisdom is just as manifest as the Book of Proverbs. A born romantic he remains. To romance, indeed, he opened a career, and it was always reality that he picturesqued. That is why an atmosphere of life and legend will ever surround him. "When cool judgment is united to great imagination," writes Bolingbroke, "we get what is commonly called a genius."

WALTER SICHEL.

DEVELOPMENT.*

It is much harder to make a truthful and effective study of a simple personality than it is to compass a showy and largely pretentious analysis of a character that has matured sufficiently to seem more complex if only because it has acquired more angles; just as it is harder to paint the portrait of a child than that of an adult whose features are fully and distinctly formed and have been roughened and written upon by the winds of time and experience. In "Development" Miss Bryher has essayed the more difficult task, and is to be congratulated on something of an achievement. If the Nancy of her record is not exactly an ordinary girl, she is so far from being abnormal that not a few girls who read her story will fancy they see themselves in her—her restlessnesses, her dissatisfactions, her habits of introspection, her curiosity about life, her impatience of restraints, her independent judgments of people and things, are all characteristic of one variety of the very modern girl. There are no dark agonies of passion, no startling mental or moral obsessions, no devastatingly revolutionary opinions—one would say there was nothing to prevent an author who can describe scenes and incidents with such graphic, imaginative realism from importing those more melodramatic qualities into her picture, but Miss Bryher has shown herself the finer artist by adhering strictly to what one feels are the minute and quieter truths of the life and character she has set herself to reveal. Nancy yearns for adventure; she has a sensitive, artistic temperament, and suffers under school discipline; she is intolerant of the chatter of schoolgirls and regrets that she was not born to the greater freedom that is allowed to a boy; she is dreadfully modern enough to write *vers libre*, and is as fearlessly frank in her talk of education, literature and whatever else she thinks about, as she is when she shocks the gallery custodian at Florence by ejaculating, "I hate Michael Angelo." This book only gives you Nancy from her childhood to the verge of womanhood, and her character and story are unfolded so naturally, so subtly, and with such compelling interest, that it is safe to say nobody who reads "Development" will fail to follow Nancy's growth and further experiences in the second volume, "Adventure," which is to be devoted to them.

* "Development." By W. Bryher. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

HOLIDAYS AFLOAT.*

There are two excellent travel books which may be taken as standards in judging other volumes in similar vein—Mr. Kipling's lively account of his journeys "From Sea to Sea" and the delightful "English Hours" of the late Henry James. The present book almost sets a fresh standard of comparison, for the chapters elaborated from the records of the *Velsa*, a yacht like no other yacht afloat, "built to the order of a Dutch baron about twenty years ago," are written in Mr. Arnold Bennett's best mood, and succeed as few modern notes of voyaging can do in making the reader extremely envious.

In the spacious *Velsa*, which carried the author and his friends, a piano and a library, and which possessed an auxiliary motor, Holland, Belgium, Denmark and East Anglia were explored, and most acceptably informing and entertaining is the account of this leisurely wandering. With such an observer as owner, and so novel a point of view, how could it be otherwise? For herein lies the strange secret of writing a book of travels: if you set down merely what you see, it will probably be as dry as a bone, but if you can bring imagination and past experience to bear on what you see, it will be alive. The authors of old-time travel books entirely failed to realise this as a rule; they kept copious diaries and told faithfully of countries visited and wonders seen, and gave us—or can give us to-day—never a thrill, never a moment of desire to follow in their track. After reading of the adventures of the bluff-bowed *Velsa* we wish we could have been on the whole series of voyages and seen the same sights—the solemn towns and villages of Holland, the harbour of Copenhagen, the mournful café at Bruges, the lonely creeks of Suffolk, and all the little memorable miniatures of such travel which none, surely, could put before us more interestingly than the author. Embarrassments of

* "From the Log of the *Velsa*." By Arnold Bennett. 18s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

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A Glimpse of the Kursaal, Ostend.
From "The Log of the *Velsa*," by Arnold Bennett (Chatto & Windus).

language caused amusing interludes; the motor broke down at unexpected moments; the towing of the vessel provided an occasional variation; the people were a continual source of comment; the whole excursion, especially through Holland, formed an ideal holiday. Holland and Denmark are the two principal themes, and from the chapter entitled "Dutch Leisure" a short quotation may serve as a glimpse from the *Velsa's* decks:

"The same afternoon we worked up the Schelde in a dead calm to Zijpe. The rain had pretermitted for the first time, and the sun was hot. Zijpe is a village, a haven, a dike, and a junction of train and steamer. The village lies about a mile inland. The haven was pretty full of barges laid up for Sunday. On the slopes of the haven, near the railway-station and the landing-stage, a multitude of at least a thousand people was strolling to and fro or sitting on the wet grass, all in their formidable Sabbath best. We joined them, in order, if possible, to learn the cause of the concourse, but the mystery remained for one hour and a half in the eventless expanse of the hot afternoon, when the train came in over the flat, green leagues of landscape. We then understood. The whole of Zijpe had turned out to see the afternoon train come in! It was a simple, modest Dutch local train, making a deal of noise and dust, and bearing perhaps a score of passengers. But it marked the grand climacteric of leisured existence at Zijpe. We set off to the village, and discovered a village deserted, and a fair-ground, with all its booths and circuses swathed up in grey sheeting. Scarcely a soul! The spirit of romance had pricked them all to the railway-station to see the train come in!"

It is not in everybody's power to command the services of such a combination of the sea-going and the canal-working boat as the gallant *Velsa*, the "strange Dutch yacht with the English ensign," but Mr. Arnold Bennett convinces us that, given the right temperament, the right skipper, the right company, and above all the right cook, a month spent in these slow, safe, observant voyagings must be ideal.

Mr. Bennett's great art is to persuade even the reader already familiar with a certain ground that it will be very much worth while to go over the same ground again. We wish the *Velsa* good fortune on whatever further voyages may come her way, and hope, in due time, for more notes from her log, as breezy and bracing as these, to be illustrated again, we trust, by the clever pencil of Mr. Rickards.

WILFRID L. RANDELL.

A BOOK OF THE BEYOND.*

Book I. of four volumes containing the "messages" received by the Rev. G. Vale Owen, now in course of publication in the *Weekly Dispatch*, bears the imprimatur of Lord Northcliffe and of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. The first-named contributes an appreciation, the second an Introduction. There are also some general notes by Mr. Vale Owen himself, and a Preface and Notes by Mr. H. W. Engholm, the editor of the work. These Notes, although they elucidate much which might otherwise puzzle the uninitiated, will doubtless leave many questions unanswered. It is likely, however, that some difficulties may be cleared away in subsequent volumes, a consideration which carries with it the reflection that it is not possible adequately to review the messages until the series is complete. Any judgment upon the first book, therefore, must be necessarily provisional.

A book which makes its appearance at a time when the whole of contemporary thought is in a ferment over the particular subject of which it treats must expect to be the object of sharp controversy, especially when the circumstances of its publication have made the matter one of a wide popular interest. Any criticism offered must therefore be not only provisional but also dispassionate to an unusual degree.

The present volume, which has for its sub-title "The Lowlands of Heaven," gives a general account of the less exalted regions of the life hereafter. These will bear for many, perhaps for most, readers an aspect aptly summarised by one of the communicators, purporting to be Mr. Vale Owen's mother, who tells him in one of the earlier messages that the things beyond the veil, viewed from the earth, "wear a semblance of unreality and romance." There are remarkable accounts of the people and scenes of the other worlds or spheres of life, their flora and fauna, and the character, occupations, adventures and general experiences of their inhabitants. We read of homes of music, halls of colours, colleges, council chambers, palaces, houses, hills, valleys, lakes, rivers and streams. Many little human dramas come in, some of them centring about persons who newly arrived from earth, and perplexed by their surroundings, or otherwise in trouble, receive the help and guidance of more advanced souls who act as angels and ministers. Even in the "lowlands of heaven," it would seem, there is much of loveliness and moral beauty, for this realm stands above certain nether regions to which go the depraved, there to purge away by suffering the effects of vicious living on earth. Strangely vivid and graphic, full of life and colour are many of the descriptions. It is almost impossible to read it with complete detachment. There is an emotional intensity about some portions that makes a direct attack upon, or it may be an irresistible appeal to, the tender places of the mind. The effect is well illustrated by the many thousand letters provoked by the publication of the scripts in the Sunday newspaper—letters ranging, it appears, from the expression of the warmest thanksgiving to the bitterest condemnation. Taking it all round, the book almost sets the ordinary canons of literary criticism at defiance, involving as it does so many things besides literature—religion in especial. One might say of it that every reader must be his own critic. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle in his Introduction rather suggests this point of view, for he writes:

"The total effect upon your mind and soul is the only standard by which to judge the sweep and power of this revelation."

The book contains a picture of Mr. Vale Owen's church at Orford (Lancs) and a facsimile of a portion of the script.

DAVID GOW.

* "The Life Beyond the Veil." Book I. By the Rev. G. Vale Owen. 6s. net. (Thornton Butterworth.)

THE NEW HUMANISM IN EDUCATION.*

Those of us whose business it is to read all the books on education as they appear, are tempted to wish that their writers would cut them down by about two-thirds. Without doubt all that each new writer has to say could be put into a third of the space he fills, if only he could take it for granted that his readers are familiar with the commonplaces of the subject. But if a book makes its appeal to the general reader, it is folly to assume that he knows anything about the literature of education. Accordingly, the experts must control their impatience, admit the continual need for a fresh presentation of familiar matter, and compensate themselves by hunting out the special contribution of each new author, and by making the most of that. In the first volume of the "New Humanist" series Mr. Frank Watts gives us the old and apparently inevitable historical outline, and further supplies a good deal of other matter that is familiar to experts, but he has succeeded all the same in imparting an individuality and a characteristic personal tone to the whole. It is obvious that he has been greatly influenced by his editor, Mr. Benchara Branford, and that is all to the good. It is evident that the editor takes his work seriously, and that the "New Humanist" books will bear the imprint of his personality. In this volume, for example, we have Mr. Branford's "A Map of Life" bodily incorporated and covering eight pages of smaller type. It is in itself a useful contribution, and will be found particularly valuable by those who have the skill and patience to use it as directed, that is as a map, and therefore to be consulted by frequent reference for matters of detail. The important point is that writer and editor are in such perfect accord that this and other editorial contributions fit into the general spirit of the book, and are not recognisable as external matter. Mr. Watts does not lack ingenuity on his own account, as is proved by the complicated "Tree of Human Development" on page 119. It is doubtful whether any good end is served by this graphic method of representing psychological and educational facts. They are not always so enlightening as their authors imagine.

A book of this kind stands or falls by the dominating idea that underlies it. Here the very title suggests the antagonism that it is the purpose of the book to remove. Self-realisation tends towards individualism, social service towards collectivism. Professor T. P. Nunn, in his recently published "Education: Its Data and First Principles," emphasises the need for individual development. Mr. Watts lays stress on the social side. But there is no real opposition between the two views. It is not a matter of the old quarrel between the rights of the individual and the State: the contrast drawn by Mr. Watts is between the individual and the group, the voluntary group. He takes account of all manner of social grouping, but there is one form that he regards as educationally fundamental —"the spontaneously developed play-group of children." This he adopts as the unit of educational activity by means of which he hopes to secure the appropriate interaction between the individual and his human environment. The combination of the two elements, collectivity and play, enables him to work into his general scheme a great many of the new generalisations of individualist and collectivist psychology. One cannot help noting how skilfully such apparently incongruous elements as psycho-analysis and the various developments of "The Play Way" are worked up into a consistent whole of educational theory.

Another unifying concept bulks largely in Mr. Watts's treatment. This is the notion of whole-workingness in the educational process. Mr. Henry Sturt's development of Professor Stout's concept of *noesis* leads to the contrast between whole-wise and part-wise presentation, with a strong bias in favour of the whole-wise form. It is clear that Mr. Watts accepts this preference in his attempts at organising educational theory. In dealing with the curriculum he tells us that "the old view of the sentence as the unit of expression must be given up." So we are not surprised to find that throughout the book the same principle is applied. The unit is the living child here and now present, whose activities are not separable into independent elements, but are all manifestations of the activity of one organism. Coupled with the interaction among the different individuals in the voluntarily organised group this concept of the organic unity of the child supplies a satisfactory foundation for a smooth-working theory of dynamic education. For while he is keen in demanding the development of interest in school work, Mr. Watts does not stop there. He says to the teacher who claims that his lessons are interesting: "What have they inspired your scholars to *do*?" Ruskin had the same idea, but he had not the psychological knowledge to back his views as is here done. Using the striking phrase of Lavisse, "Un fragment d'éducateur s'adresse à un fragment d'écolier" (the printer contrives to make two mistakes in this scrap of French), Mr. Watts works out the unifying implications of integral education. This concept brings him into conflict with Dr. Montessori. Obviously her insistence on the independent working of each pupil is irritating to a man who selects group activity as the very basis of education. But he has little difficulty in showing that even in the Montessori schools group activities are essential. Indeed the great charm of the book is the persistency with which its author harps on the string of unity. He is much less concerned about proving other people wrong than in reconciling all manner of apparently opposing principles and showing that they work into the system he advocates.

JOHN ADAMS.

* "Education for Self-Realisation and Social Service." By Frank Watts. 7s. 6d. net. (University of London Press.)

A PUBLISHER-NOVELIST.*

With a skill that is entirely admirable, Mr. Grant Richards has given us, in this novel, a story having only three characters that matter—the man, the woman and the other man; but the reader must not jump to the conclusion that there is any of the usual secret love-making, or that the plot runs along customary lines. Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Pemberton are quite happily married, and nothing serious occurs to mar their contentment with one another. How, then, asks the reader accustomed to elaborate studies of intrigue, does the author manage to construct an interesting story at all?

The answer is suggested in one word: horses. Mr. Grant Richards can beat Nat Gould on his own ground, and when Mrs. Pemberton, fairly stricken by the racing fever, buys a yearling, engages a trainer, and begins to win races, besides opening an account with a firm of turf accountants, we follow her fortunes breathlessly. Her husband takes her to Newmarket, where he busily absorbs "local colour" for a novel he is engaged upon; and from that day dates Mrs. Pemberton's enthusiasm. At first, merely to escape boredom, she backs a horse or two; soon her blood is fired by the excitement of a few gains and losses; she plunges into the horsey world deeper and deeper until, almost to her own surprise, she finds herself the owner of "Brocklesby," a promising young horse which is to make her fortune. The secret is kept from her husband, and the situation is very amusing, for she gradually acquires more knowledge than friends who pride themselves on their ease at a race-meeting, and has to pretend ignorance.

The third member of the company is Captain Cartwright, the trainer, and he is excellently drawn. Our only comment on this aspect of the story is that Mrs. Pemberton was lucky in dealing with an entirely honest trainer and with an entirely honest firm of bookmakers.

An excellent interlude is provided by a visit of the novelist and his wife to Monte Carlo, where they both, after good resolves, manage to lose considerably at the gaming tables. The finish, however, is fortune for all

* "Double Life." By Grant Richards. 7s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

concerned, and when Mrs. Pemberton at last confesses to her husband that she is a rich woman (for "Brocklesby," though not fated to win the Derby as his owner had hoped, is sold for thirty thousand pounds for stud purposes), the scene is cleverly told and ends the book well. The only flaw is the introduction of the names of living writers with no apparent purpose except to get them mentioned; this is a pity, because it is unnecessary, and therefore inartistic. Apart from this, the style is exactly suited to the story. The description of various episodes on the field is a feature of the book, and Mr. Grant Richards is to be congratulated upon his avoidance of the usual and his presentation of a very piquant domestic situation unspoiled by the hackneyed intrigue.

W. L. R.

THE PLAYBOY OF THE ULSTER WORLD.*

The Ulster type of humanity is a hard one; the dialect of the north-east corner of Ireland does not lend itself to sentiment. It has all the brusquerie of Lancashire with an added harshness. It says much for the art of Mr. St. John Ervine as novelist that he has almost done for the North of Ireland what J. M. Synge did for the South as a dramatist.

In one respect his work has been harder than that of the author of "The Playboy of the Western World." In the South and West of Ireland a wonderful fluency is manifested in the speech of the peasantry, and their quick, mercurial imaginations tinge whatever they say with streaks of poetry and wit. The Ulster-Scots have no turn for rhetoric, and are articulate in monosyllables.

Mr. Ervine has so wrought with his stiff material that he conveys to us the inner workings of the Ulster soul, making of rough idioms fitting expressions for joy and sorrow, comedy and tragedy, the secrets of the heart and all that life holds of mystery for the humblest.

As in "Changing Winds," Mr. Ervine is tenderest with his grown-up people, those who have left most of life behind them. Young John MacDermott is too cocksure about everything to enlist any sympathy outside his own home circle.

This novel is said to be partly autobiographical. If so, the author has handled himself very severely. Uncle Matthew, the romantic, and Uncle William, the kindly realist, are creations of flesh and blood. Matthew, who urged John to seek his fortune abroad, in such a place as London, is a delightful creature, with his high, romantical talk of adventure in aid of beautiful women; but there is something as fine in the Philistine, William, who keeps the shop that gives the wherewithal for existence to his feckless brother, his tight-lipped sister, and her ambitious son.

The widowed Mrs. MacDermott is one of those mothers who are so devoted to their sons that they dragoon them lest they should lose hold on them. Her character is indicated by its reticences. Young John's mother is a stubborn Ulster type, alarmed of all influence outside a Puritanic home. Her deepest desire is that John may become a minister, but that prospect the boy refuses. He is a monitor, who has no intention of becoming a schoolmaster. His whole heart is centred on breaking away from the narrow things of the household and going out to conquer the world with a very limited armoury. John gets speedily emancipated, pays frequent visits to Belfast, and becomes an ardent theatre-goer. He falls in love with a young woman in a tea-shop, who temporarily breaks his heart by marrying a "peeler."

Then we have young Ulster in London. John, who has never visited a music-hall, succeeds in writing and disposing of a vaudeville sketch after a single visit to a variety theatre. He breaks higher ground in composing a tragedy on St. Patrick, which is accepted and performed by an established repertory theatre. Strangest success of all, he interviews the editor of a great daily paper, tells him that his paper is full of lies, and offers his services. Amazing to relate, the amused editor gives him employment. These things seem impossible, but Mr. St. John Ervine has himself achieved the improbable on several occasions, so it may well be that here truth is much more unconvincing than fiction. Young John's love affair—this time a really serious one—begins as a brazen pursuit of a well-bred, well-educated young woman, Eleanor Moore, who deeply resents his precipitate methods. Gradually, mainly by force of obstinate bullying, John persuades Eleanor into an unwilling engagement. As time goes on, Eleanor is impressed by John's obvious sincerity and occasional gentleness.

The concluding portion of "The Foolish Lovers" tells of the marriage of John and Eleanor, and of a very unexpected return to John's birthplace. There Eleanor scores a great success with her new relatives. John's mother had taken the precaution of interviewing Eleanor in London, and judged her a fitting person to look after her son. The shop in sturdy Ballyards is hard-pressed. The wholesale firm of Pippin want to swallow it up; and Uncle William is in a bad way:

"'I think we should fight them,' said Eleanor. 'So we will,' John replied. 'The MacDermotts had a name in this town before ever a Pippin was heard of, and the MacDermotts 'll have a name when the Pippins are dead and damned.' He stopped suddenly and then began to laugh. 'By the Hokey O!' he exclaimed, 'there's a romance at the end of it all.'"

LOUIS J. MCQUILLAND.

* "The Foolish Lovers." By St. John Ervine. 7s. net. (Collins.)

Photo by Lena Connell. **Mr. St. John Ervine.**

GUIDE-BOOKS AND--MR. BRADLEY.*

Here is a bundle of guide-books and—a book by Mr. A. G. Bradley.* Mark the difference: Mr. Bradley takes pains to make it clear that his is not a guide-book. In the ungrammatical passage in which he most specifically sets this out, he implies that a function of guide-books is to descant upon industries. I should quarrel with this, but let it pass, for there are other passages in which Mr. Bradley—not, I fancy, for the first time—rather loftily sniffs in general at guide-books, somewhat as though they were *canaille*, hardly fit to rub shoulders with such well-dressed, quiet-mannered, gentlemanly creatures as form the upper circles of the bookshelf world.

* "A Book of the Severn." By A. G. Bradley. 15s. net. (Methuen.)—The Blue Guides: "England." Edited by Findlay Muirhead, M.A., F.R.G.S. 16s. net. (Macmillan.)—Cambridge County Handbooks: "Orkney and Shetlands" and "Dumbartonshire." 4s. 6d. each. (Cambridge University Press.)—Ward, Lock & Co.'s Guide-Books: "London," "Brighton and Hove," "North Wales." 2s. each. (Ward, Lock.)

XUM

It is difficult to learn precisely what are Mr. Bradley's objections to these terrible guide-books, and it seems worth while to investigate. I can only imagine them to be that, professing above all things to be accurate, guide-books are often inaccurate; that being informative, they are dull; or that they lack personality. As to the inaccurate guide-book, in so far as it is so, it is not the ideal guide-book, and guide-books as a class should no more be judged by it than other classes of books should be condemned because one of them falls short, particularly as absolute accuracy at all points is hard to come by—as none should know better than Mr. Bradley—and it may not be for want of striving that errors creep in. If it is dullness which Mr. Bradley twits, he can hardly be acquainted with certain guide-books which are brilliantly and interestingly written.

Mr. Bradley has a deservedly high reputation as a topographer, but he should be more charitable, for there are joints in his own armour. He is inaccurate, and quite unwarrantably so. For instance he professes to be an admirer of Borrow, but his version of Borrow's account of his visit to Plynlimmon errs lamentably and is manifestly unfair. To tell truth, he is rather on the high horse all round. He pooh-poohs quite unnecessarily at Surrey and Sussex, at the Chilterns and the South Downs and their views; puffs at East Anglia; patronises and depreciates the Thames. To treat scenery comparatively is wholly right: to appraise it judiciously and by reference to other scenery is one of the best services the topographer can render. But the comparison should be free from any sneer or depreciation if it is to be of value. It must further be confessed—under the breath—that there are considerable patches of some aridity in this book. To speak the plain truth, Mr. Bradley in places is dull—dull as any guide-book!

But it would be wrong to leave the reader with the impression that this is all of Mr. Bradley. I suspect that his real interest is in men and their works rather than nature. At all events by the time he reaches Shrewsbury on his way from Plynlimmon he is in his stride, and his account of that notable town is as interesting and vigorous as one might desire. After that, he is much more the old Mr. Bradley and, despite some occasional perversities, is the courteous and cultured guide to a river that he loves and invests with charm. His account of the view from the Malverns is a charming and accurate analysis not merely of what may be seen, but of what constitutes a fine view, and it supplies the corrective to much that he says elsewhere. In short, the book is, on the whole, one of very considerable charm and much usefulness, and though it is marred by defects, these are occasional. We would not have Mr. Bradley give up his individual views, but he might at times express them with more tolerance, remembering that every writer of a topographical book gives hostages to fortune as he writes.

In some senses it is a relief to turn from Mr. Bradley to the even-tempered efficiency of the new Blue Guide—the England volume. Some guide-books may be dull, but this is assuredly a mine of fascination. In days of high fares it is a refreshment merely to turn over the pages. The plan of York recalls the incomparable view from the windows of the Station Hotel; a few pages turned and we are watching the ruddy roofs of Whitby through the blue drift of smoke; a swing back to Devonshire recalls the level moorlands of Yelverton, the winding road from Princetown, the wooded gorge of the Meavy, the flashing of the Plym between heather wastes, the glorious colouring of the rocky bottom over which Dart swirls near Ashburton; or we are up again on the shoulders of England, where tiny flashing rills and torrents, new-born after a far-away storm, lace the sides of the Pennines.

It is impossible for such a book to be dull, for it has the power of suggesting—by its maps, its plans and its brief, concise notes—a thousand memories of beautiful scenes and magnificent buildings; and its compactness and compression affirm the marvellous extent and variety of the beauties of this island. I could point out a score of errors of detail, and I have my own ideas of the lack of certain features, but the modesty of the preface disarms me and I am lost in admiration at the uncanny efficiency with which the first country volume of the series has been completed. No one who contemplates any future holiday at home need fear that he will not get his 16s. worth many times over. The handiness of the size and shape, the clearness of the type, the profusion of maps and plans (almost all first-rate), the general balance and proportion of the book and particularly the completeness which defies one to put finger on really serious omissions of fact; these all combine to make it easily the most exhaustive book of its kind. Perhaps the most noteworthy of many admirable features is Professor Baldwin Brown's "Introduction to the Study of English Monuments." It is so little technical that it can be read with pleasure, yet so full of information, simply conveyed, that no one can read it without finding his power of appreciation of noble buildings subtly and inmeasurably heightened.

There remain the two Cambridge County Handbooks which maintain the high level of achievement of this admirable series; and the Ward Lock Guide-Books. It is true that these aim at being popular, but these three volumes taken haphazard are good enough in themselves to rebut Mr. Bradley's rather cheap scorn. The London volume is extraordinarily good and the chapter on the South Downs in the Brighton volume is quite sufficient to show how mistaken is any impression that the guide-book of these days is limited to a solid, unliterary presentment of material facts.

A. H. A.

THE AUTHOR OF "OUR VILLAGE."*

Although there is little originality in Miss Hill's latest addition to her books on female authors it forms a delightful introduction to Mary Mitford's writings. It consists largely of extracts from "Our Village," "Recollections of a Literary Life," and the published correspondence. No use appears to have been made of fresh material, nor is there any reference to a devoted friend of later years—W. C. Bennett, a minor poet and brother of Sir John Bennett, the famous watchmaker of Cheapside. Mary Mitford's letters to him number between sixty and seventy, written on small notepaper and crossed as was the practice of so many women in the middle of the last century. In many instances, too, the envelopes of her correspondent have been turned inside out and used again, for poor Mary Mitford was not as well off as she would have been if she had had a less extravagant and conscienceless father. Both her fortune as well as that of her mother were swallowed up in Dr. Mitford's reckless and unprofitable speculations. In spite, however, of his unworthy actions he seems to have been adored by wife and daughter even when reduced from affluence almost to beggary. At one time, after the flight from Lyme Regis, he found a refuge from his creditors within the rules of the King's Bench, and subsequently he was even confined in a debtors' prison. At his death it was found that large sums were due to several creditors, whereupon his daughter without hesitation took upon herself the responsibility of paying off the amount. This intention becoming known to her friends and to the admirers of her books, a public subscription was raised to cover the debts of nearly £1,000, and what was remaining over was added to her small income, which had been increased a few years previously by a Civil List pension of £100.

During a busy life of not far short of seventy years she wrote poems, dramas (some of the latter were acted at Covent Garden Theatre as well as at Drury Lane, and one, "Rienzi," was extremely popular, running for one hundred nights at old Drury), and sketches of village life which, under the title of "Our Village," still retain much of their old popularity, if one may judge from the frequency of their inclusion, in the familiar form of selections, in various series of literary works. They are, for

* "Mary Russell Mitford and Her Surroundings." By Constance Hill. 21s. net. (John Lane.)

the most part, worthy of their hold on present-day readers, for they form a most delightful work, full of its author's love of nature, and the many very attractive people of the village and its neighbourhood. Another characteristic of "Our Village" is the pervading humour of the chronicler. The village is Three Mile Cross, between Basingstoke and Reading, near to the latter town from which it is distant only about one mile. It still remains much as it was in Miss Mitford's days, and one very attractive feature of Miss Hill's book is the number of charming drawings by Miss Ellen G. Hill. In addition there are reproductions of many portraits. We are inclined to think that a more suitable one of the author of "Our Village" might have been printed than the not very attractive one which forms the frontispiece. There is also an index which might have been made a little fuller.

Miss Mitford's fame was as great in America as—if not greater than—in the land of her birth, and most of the famous American writers were known to her either personally or by correspondence. These included Hawthorne, Whittier, Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Daniel Webster the orator, Ticknor and James T. Fields. Many of them visited her either at her home in Three Mile Cross or Swallowfield. Nor was she unknown to her distinguished literary contemporaries at home. Coleridge she knew. In her "Recollections of a Literary Life" she states it was at her father's house at Reading, and by his instrumentality, that the arrangement for Coleridge's discharge from the 15th Light Dragoons was carried out. Coleridge was at the time (1794) stationed in that town, and his Captain was the son of Dr. Ogle, Dean of Windsor, a connection of the Mitfords, who was spending a few days in Reading, and one day at dinner, Mary Mitford informs us, Captain Ogle told the story of the learned recruit. She adds that Coleridge never forgot her father's zeal, and that he had "the infinite goodness and condescension to look over the proof sheets of two girlish efforts, 'Christina' and 'Blanch.'" This kind act of Coleridge must have taken place many years after his sojourn in Reading, for at the time Mary was only a child of seven.

We also have her word for it that Charles Lamb said of her village sketches that "nothing so fresh and characteristic had appeared for a long while." In Lamb's correspondence there is no evidence that the two had ever met, but that such was the case is revealed in one of her letters to her old friend—Sir William Elford. In it, dated February 19th, 1825, she informs him that on the day after a visit to hear Edward Irving at the Caledonian Church in Hatton Garden, with her and a friend's experience there, she told the story to Charles Lamb who capped it with another story about the preacher. Further evidence of acquaintance is to be found in Crabb Robinson's Diary, and in a review of Talfourd's "Letters of Charles Lamb," written by her cousin, John Mitford, then editor of *The Gentleman's Magazine*, the writer states that on visiting Colebrook Cottage one morning he found that Miss Mitford "had but just left," the reason of her calling being that she had come to consult them [Lamb and his sister] on some dramatic reading for a new play. As we are further told that at the time of Mitford's visit "Lamb was then reading the old dramatists at the Museum and making extracts," it may be conjectured that the period referred to was in the summer or autumn of 1826. To whom Miss Mitford was indebted for her introduction to "the matchless 'Elia' of the *London Magazine*" cannot be positively stated, but no doubt Talfourd, a friend of the Mitfords, was the medium. It is pleasant to know that Haydon the painter was another of Mary Mitford's friends, and that it was he who left the theatre during the performance of one of her tragedies to report the kind of reception with which it was meeting, for she could not summon up sufficient courage to witness it herself. Hood gives, in one of his Odes, a ludicrous account of her feelings during the performance of "Rienzi":

"Miss Mitford had misgivings, and in fright,
Upon Rienzi's night,
Gnaw'd up one long kid glove, and all her bag,
Quite to a rag."

With many more famous people was she intimate, to name whom would take up more space than is available, but some appreciated and appreciating friends cannot be omitted—such as the Brownings, Ruskin, Charles Kingsley, and, for his zealous interest in and care for her welfare—the Rev. William Harness. Miss Hill does not tell her readers that most of the stories had, before their final publication in several volumes, appeared in the *Ladies' Magazine* and other periodicals and in many of the very popular annuals.

S. BUTTERWORTH.

OCTOBER.*

It is no use pretending that the contents of the Poet Laureate's new volume of verse will not be disappointing to his admirers. Of the qualities which have endeared the "Shorter Poems" to a generation of readers, and some of them to a good deal more than a generation, there is very little left. The name-poem, indeed, and especially its opening lines, have some of the old sweet and silvery clarity:

"April advance in play
Met with his lover May
Where she came garlanded.
The blossoming boughs o'erhead
Were thrill'd to bursting by
The dazzle from the sky
And the wild music there
That shook the odorous air."

* "October, and Other Poems." By Robert Bridges. 5s. net. (Heinemann.)

The house in Broad Street, Alresford, where Mary Russell Mitford was born.

From "Mary Russell Mitford." By Constance Hill (John Lane).

But the promise of this first page is not fulfilled. To students of metre the metrical experiments in which the book abounds will be of interest; but to the ordinary amateur of the beautiful, his constant confrontation with lines or whole poems which he must tax his wits (perhaps in vain) to scan, is more likely to prove irritating.

The greater number of these poems were written during, and with reference to, the war, and it cannot be said that any of them are wholly adequate to their great occasion. Few, indeed, among the vast number of poems called forth by the monstrous catastrophe were adequate; but it will, I think, come to be more and more clearly recognised that it had one worthy *vates*, in Mr. Laurence Binyon. Perhaps some of the younger, the combatant poets, such as Mr. Siegfried Sassoon and Mr. Robert Nichols, have rendered more vividly the brutal and horrible facts; undoubtedly in individual poems—at any rate in Mr. Masefield's "August" and Rupert Brooke's sonnets—there is a warmer and more haunting magic; but the body of Mr. Binyon's war poetry, issued in successive slim volumes and collected finally into one, are the supreme rendering of that high spirit in which, whatever the carpers may say, a great number of Englishmen met the shock of Armageddon, which inspired our best statesmen, such as Lord Grey and General Smuts, throughout and resulted in that fine, and one hopes not forlorn, adventure of idealism, the League of Nations. It is to Mr. Binyon's poems that the men of the future will go when, after reading the squalid record of political intrigue and official blundering, they seek assurance that courage and nobility of spirit were not to be found only on the battle-fields.

Not for a moment is it suggested that Mr. Bridges falls below his younger *confrère* in fineness of outlook. It is in expression that he comes short. He is too prone to the mechanical optimism that utters itself in such phrases as:

"England has buried her sins in her father's bones . . .
Peace shall come as a flood upon all mankind;
Love shall comfort and succour the poor that are pined."

One had thought that the days of such complacent prophesying, except on the political platform, were past. And it needs the brazen trumpets of a Kipling to bewilder us into momentary belief that the English are the "chosen people"; on the silver flute that strain is not convincing.

Perhaps it is because in Mr. Bridges's poetry one is so used to perfection, that one is struck by and over-ready to insist on the blemishes. Such criticism is ungrateful work; and one gladly turns to the few miscellaneous poems which close the volume—a few Miltonic sonnets, a couple of songs—to record the unalloyed pleasure to be derived from them. Especially delightful is "Fortunatus Nimium":

"I have lain in the sun
I have toil'd as I might
I have thought as I would
And now it is night. . . .

"I welcome fatigue
While frenzy and care
Like thin summer clouds
Go melting in air,

"To dream as I may
And awake when I will
With the song of the birds
And the sun on the hill. . . ."

There, at any rate, is the old, authentic beauty of the "Shorter Poems."

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

EVERY WOMAN IN HER HUMOUR.*

The suicide rate shows the curious fact that the proportion of suicides among women is largest under the age of thirty-five, while with men the dangerous age occurs in those later years which are popularly supposed to be peculiarly deadly to women. So that another superstition, besides St. Swithin, is gone. But it is evident, from these same statistics, that the old tradition, which speaks of love as woman's whole existence, is truer than we nowadays imagine it to be. For emotional disturbance in youth is certainly due to the love affair, and excitement in age to money matters. This bundle of novels, at any rate, goes to prove that it is love, and love alone, that makes the world go round for the average woman; here, in these stories, is that peculiarly feminine idea, scarcely ever found in a man's book, of love intrigue as the pivotal motive of all action. This point of view finds expression in four out of these five novels. The exception to this is Miss Enid Bagnold's "Happy Foreigner." In this remarkable tale, although Fanny is in love and Fanny is very much of a woman, it is the whole complex of active life that we feel through her reactions. Love in "The Happy Foreigner" is just a personal background to the huge interplay of war. For—it is a terrible fact—many women did actually become freemen of the city of life for the first time during those terrible war-years that are already beginning to seem dreamlike. But, if we are to judge by the novels women are now pouring out, it appears they have already gone back to captivity of soul, to their old cage of absorption in erotic adventures, to that attitude of mind in which the love affair presents itself as the most important pursuit in existence. For neither education nor professional work has really made the average woman a complete human being.

Only modern war did this, for it forced some women and most men to face bed-rock facts. Fanny, for instance, the motor-driver to the French army who is the centre of Miss Bagnold's novel, lives in the man's world, and this life gives her the eyes to see something besides the perpetual dance of repulsion and attraction played by the sexes. She lived in the subterranean chambers of Verdun; she had her struggle with the Chinese scavengers of No Man's Land; she slept, a soldier in the Allied army, in that German bedroom at Metz; she knew her car's engine as a skipper knows his ship, and all these experiences take their stand side by side with that turmoil of fear and hope when she waits outside the Cathedral for "him." Because she knows herself to be a cog in the machinery of strife, she is disciplined and freed from sexual egotism. In Barbusse we feel the revolt against war because it is cruel and foolish; in "The Happy Foreigner" we see the racial folly of its temporary alliances, its temporary divisions. Says a young Belgian, speaking of the French, "Don't you find they think there is no one else in the world but themselves?" Then comes a man in a green bonnet, chased by a peasant woman. "Those are the cursed Italians," says the French lieutenant, while he points to another group and remarks, "There are the Russians"—and *they* were kept behind barbed wire with sentries stationed at intervals. A French taxi-driver says of the Americans, "They give me two francs when three are marked." And then comes the crowning irony: "Only up in Germany was there any peace from acrimony. . . . There there were no epithets to fling—they had all been flung long ago. And the German people begged buttons as souvenirs from the uniforms of the men who spoke so many different languages." We must put Miss Bagnold's book on the shelf where we keep Barbusse, Duhamel and de Lazlo.

With "The Blind Marksman" we turn to another world, from moving waters to a still pool. Yet the book is as true to life as "The Happy Foreigner" inasmuch as it expresses what is certainly felt by many women—an overpowering sense of spiritual waste in human values that is perpetuated from one generation to another. The book, dedicated to Edward Carpenter, is, in fact, a demand that the natural instincts of passion and emotion shall be no longer furtively repressed, but openly faced. It is a great theme, but it calls for bigger handling than Mrs. Moore has given it. Jane, ugly and original, married first to the heavy male, Ernest, and enslaved by his heavier mother, is lively and pert, but she becomes unreal and stagey the moment the ideal lover comes on the scene. Mrs. Moore, like most of us, is better at describing the paltry meanness

* "The Happy Foreigner." By Enid Bagnold. 7s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)—"The Blind Marksman." By Edith Mary Moore. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—"The Puritan's Progress." By A. M. M. Hales. 6s. net. (Melrose.)—"Temperament." By Dolf Wyllarde. 7s. 6d. net. (Stanley Paul.)—"The Marriage of Elizabeth." By Ethel Holdsworth. 7s. net. (Jenkins.)

of our initiation of the young into life than she is at imagining the way of the gods in this thing. The book is earnest and sincere, but the problem is really that of the egg and the chick, for you cannot nobly teach youth to face sex until you have a noble race to do the training. But if the race is not noble? "The Blind Marksman," though not vividly realised, is at any rate written courageously.

But if Mrs. Moore touches a great problem, the author of "The Puritan's Progress" plunges deep into a yet greater one. For this book is a study of the effects of Christian restraint on a nature that originally started with the non-moral bias of a free Greek. This semi-Greek, spoilt by diverging instincts, comes under the sway of two purely Greek, purely pagan characters. And their one-pointed completion is placed over against her irresolute imperfection. It is a curious book, original in subject and subtle in manner, yet it gives one but little sense of the inevitable, of the real. It is an exercise in invention rather than a narrative of spiritual experience. "Deeper," one says to the author as one reads, "go deeper; make one feel this more." It may be true that Nietzsche's "Become what thou art" is the greatest spiritual challenge of to-day; yet it will be met, not by eerie shadows like Frances of "The Puritan's Progress," but by men and women of flesh and blood, and especially by men and women of humour. "The Puritan's Progress" is, however, an interesting experiment.

It is refreshing indeed after Miss Wyllarde's "Temperament," which is no better than a warmed-up version of Ouida-esque naughtiness: Ouida, in fact, without her touch of genius. Joan Delamere—the name is a happy indication of the character—is born of the old "yellow-back" tradition. She composes haunting love music, and, after no particular training, even operas; she loves an elderly roué with a yacht, a past and a confidential man-servant. She runs away—quite unnecessarily, seeing the episodes that have occurred—when he proposes by marriage to make reparation to an old flame. The last sentence of her death-bed letter, "the passion-fruit is nearly ripe, but I shall never gather it," is quite incomprehensible, since she never does anything more sane than—gathering passion-fruit.

If "Temperament" is composed according to an old formula, "The Marriage of Elizabeth" also owes its existence to tradition. There is not the slightest reason why Elizabeth Peel should not marry John Stone and be happy ever after, except that propinquity coupled with a fatal barrier has always been an attractive *motif* for the woman novelist; to yearn and yearn for union, that is the true delightful agony, and accordingly, John and Elizabeth hatch complications out of old love-letters and other trifles light as air as no two sane people ever did—outside the pages of a novel. Everything ends as per recipe. It is a pity Miss Holdsworth does not use her knowledge of mill life to better purpose than this.

M. P. WILLCOCKS.

THE ETERNAL KINGDOM.*

There is a Kingdom which is above and a Kingdom which is below: an outward and inward side belong to both, because of our dual nature. That which is without subsists by that which is within, draws and derives therefrom, is efficacious and is explained thereby. Because of it God is in His heaven and all—in the long last—is right with the world. Because of it man is more than flesh and blood, a spirit which "cometh from afar." Because of it there is an invisible Kingdom and a King Who rules therein, to love, honour and obey Whom is at once our duty and title in the things that are eternal. Under the obedience to an imprescriptible law which thus arises—and is the one way leading to the life of reality—there is no room for the rule of a majority, seeing that the King is eternal. As this law operates in the manifest universe, so is it also within us; there is a part of our nature which corresponds thereto by an unreserved consent and recognition, whatever our rebellions and betrayals on the outward side. We are each of us an unfailing witness to the King and His rule within. If there is to be peace, progression and the attainment of a perfect end in our personal world, that which is within must obtain also without. It must obtain also in the social and political world, if we seek that day when all will be right therein. Here is the finding of a mystic in this present unresting time. I do not agree with the late Mr. W. S. Lilly that in the conflict between classes and masses, in this militant world of ours, the classes are nearly always right. It was their age-long wronghood in France that armed the Revolution against them. It is this also which has delivered Russia to the Bolshevist, as it is this which crucified Poland under the auspices of Metternich and Austria. But this is not to say that the masses, then or now, are obviously on the side of the right and order. We are not confronted by any such simple issue, but with complexities of offence and reprisal in which the spirit of the world as a house divided against itself strives with itself for mastery. So it has been and so also will continue, until the Christ-Spirit comes to its own within us. His is the Kingdom and His the rule therein—that "something not ourselves which makes for righteousness," until at the end of the making it becomes ourselves, and the Kingdom of Heaven is within us in the fruit thereof.

With such an invisible Kingdom Mr. Lilly is concerned after his own manner in this last and posthumous volume: it is that of an eternal law in the rational creature. But for him the giver of the law, its representative and spokesman is the Latin Church, "a supreme authority ruling and reconciling individual judgments by a divine right." Now, the position of this great church is not unlike that of the classes, for we know that a time came and a state therein which made Protestantism a possible and indeed an unescapable thing. Luther and the other reformers were the religious masses of their age challenging the hierarchic classes, challenging the spirit of Lucrezia Borgia sitting on the Throne of Peter in the absence of Alexander VI., challenging the long pontificate of Alexander. So it has been and so also will continue, awaiting the pontificate of Christ. It is inevitable, I suppose, that treating of such subjects there should be a part in this book which must be called polemical, in the milder sense of a rather aggressive term; but it is really the natural outcome of Lilly's strong personal conviction. While there is a certain purpose which makes for unity, the interlinking thread of the various chapters is so slight that they are to be regarded as detached essays, and it appears from Dr. Barry's most interesting preface—which is like a golden inscription on the tomb of his old friend—that this is how they were written, as they were also published originally, in "several magazines." They are clear and positive on obedience as the "bond of human society," on the "monitions of strikes" and on the "morality of war," while the study of Newman is full of insight—as might be expected. But the "ethical function of memory" and the "mystery of sleep" are not a little like loose strands suspended in space. The doctrine of the schools is held up in contrast to the doctrines of modern psychology and we are left a choice between them, which one is scarcely prepared to take. Yet it is perhaps a sign of the times that a writer like Lilly should appeal to telepathy, to the travelling spirit and other psychical experiences, to all that which—outside the churches—has sounded its trumpets before the walls of the Jericho of materialism, and those walls are falling: they are indeed in ruins about us. A keen and clear thinker along his own lines, he has sounded his own call to the war through many years of literary life. Some part of the crusade is exemplified in this volume: it is good reading still, though a little in the past tense, belonging to the time when it was a saving necessity to answer people whose opinion now no longer matters. Some at least of us have earned our freedom: at least by intention and desire we are citizens of the eternal Kingdom, beyond the rule of the majority, the distinction of classes and masses. We are in the law of the city, which is the King's own law; its "categorical imperative" is the condition of our liberty as citizens.

A. E. WAITE.

* "An Invisible Kingdom: Being Some Chapters in Ethics." By William Samuel Lilly. (Chapman & Hall.)

XUM

A MEDLEY.

When in a bundle of poetry or verse for review one comes upon two or three well-known names, one is grateful. Robert Nichols—well, I remember "Ardours and Endurances," which I was fortunate enough to review for THE BOOKMAN. Despite the preposterous lady on the cover I take up "Aurelia, and Other Poems"[1] with a foretaste of the noble pleasure of praising. But, what has happened to Robert Nichols, or is the fault in my fogeyism? I strain eyes and brain after his meaning and find it not. He tantalises. Of course, being Robert Nichols, he must needs have diffused poetry through this confusion of words that to me signify nothing. There are plenty of beautiful words and beautiful diction, and there are also strange and heavy words and confused and confusing thoughts and mazes into which we cannot follow the writer. Lest some denseness should have come upon me I quote a brief poem, not the best and not the worst in the book:

"THE CONSUMMATION.

"There is a pigeon in the apple tree
And when he moves the petals fall in showers;
And O how low, how slow, how rapturously
He croons and croons again among the flowers.

"Above the boughs a solemn cloud bank climbs
White, pure white, dazzling, a shield of light;
Speck in its space, a lark, whose quick song chimes
With each brief pulse of wings, vaults toward the height.

"Below a beetle on a stalk of grass
Slowly unharnesses his shuttered wings;
His tiny rainbow wings of shrivelled glass;
He leaps! He whirrs away. The grass blade swings.

"Faint breezes through the branches wind and call
It is the hour. The perfect hour is His;
Who stooping through the depth, quiet, joy of all,
Prints on my upturned face a silent kiss."

"A mad world, my masters!" I find Ezra Pound mainly grotesque and, I suspect, with intention, yet so essential a poet as W. B. Yeats has found it worth while to edit a volume of him. The volume under review, "Umbra,"[2] has as a sub-title "All he wishes to keep in circulation from 'Personæ,' 'Exaltations,' 'Ripostes,' etc. With translations from Guido Cavalcanti and Arnant Daniel and poems by the late E. T. Hulme."

One does not know if the translations are fakes, but here and there is a hint of curious and coloured embroidery which might belong to an original. It would be very easy to pick out the grotesques with which these pages are thickly studded. I prefer to give one tiny bit of Mr. Pound's verse, chosen at random, which is called "Rose-White, Yellow, Silver," and might as well be called anything else:

"The swirl of light follows me through the square,
The smoke of incense
Mounts from the four horns of my bed-posts,
The water-jet of gold light bears me through the ceiling;
Lapped in the gold-coloured flame I descend through the æther.
The silver ball forms in my hand,
It falls and rolls to your feet."

One of the alleged "poems" of E. T. Hulme ends:

"My mind is a corridor. The minds about me are corridors,
Nothing suggests itself. There is nothing to do but keep on."

A course of Mr. Pound would leave one nothing to do but keep on one's head, if one could.

It is a relief to turn from these eccentricities to Mr. Charles Williams's oddly named "Divorce."[3] Here, as in "Songs of Conformity," there is a sane although subtle mind. Here again poetry fulfils its proper function to delight, to uplift, to surprise. It is like drinking at a cool well after the freak poetry of Mr. Ezra Pound and the confusion of Mr. Robert Nichols. Mr. Williams is a close and imaginative thinker. He has that rare quality, distinction. He has the feeling for the lyric, as in "Celestial Cities," with its superscription: "I saw no temple therein":

"When our translated cities
Are joyous and divine,
And through the streets of London
The streets of Sarras shine;
When what is hid in London
Doth there in Sarras show
And we in that new township
The ancient highways know;
Though the bricks sing together
In those celestial walls,
Shall we not long o'er Ludgate
To see the dome of Paul's?"

But this is Mr. Williams in his easy mood. Not all who run may read or desire to read "After Marriage," with an Elizabethan deftness and delicacy, and something modern added. Mrs. Meynell might have written it perhaps. And here is something immortal:

"FOR A. PIETA (IN TIME OF WAR).

"Sorrow am I though none has seen my tears,
To me for comfort all men's childhood ran;
To no men's dolour piously uprears
This image where I mourn not men but Man.
I am that which lives when in your darkest hour,
Not heroes only, but their hopes, have died;
I am the desolation and the power
Of patience: I await what shall betide."

No reader of Mr. Eden Phillpotts's prose will need to be told that he is an essential poet; but perhaps his medium is rather prose than verse. There is something cool and lucent about these nature poems. "As the Wind Blows"[4] brings the quietness and the coolness of the Devon country which Mr. Phillpotts loves and has brought many to love. He is curiously restful with his ease and simplicity after the difficult and turgid poetry of so many young poets. "A Green Thought in a Green Shade" fits with this poetry of moorland, wood and water. No lover of Devon can afford to be without it when he goes stepping westward, with a book for his companion and the Dart for goal.

Miss May Earle, the author of "Acte: a Love Sequence,"[5] has won praise from the critics for her former books, "Juana of Castile" and "Cosmo Venucci, Singer." The new book has a certain scholarly beauty of diction. It has music and melody, dignity and grace. Miss Earle still lacks simplicity and clarity; perhaps classicism is often against these; but "Acte" shows excellent performance as well as a promise which makes the reviewer look forward with interest to Miss Earle's future work.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

[1] "Aurelia, and Other Poems." By Robert Nichols. 5s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)
[2] "Umbra." By Ezra Pound. 8s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)
[3] "Divorce." By Charles Williams. 4s. net. (Humphrey Milford.)

Novel Notes.

THE LITTLE SOUL. By Elinor Mordaunt. 8s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

Full of strong character studies, the real hero of the book is, we suppose, the Soho doctor, McCabe, brilliant, pitiful, weighed down by a sense of the eternal tragedy of life; warm-hearted to a degree. But the writer gives us much more of the almost incredibly cold Charles Hoyland than of the fine friend. Hoyland is a man of the world in its worst sense, and is utterly selfish; full of a bleak disregard for others. His wistful sister Rose, whose life was "colourless as that of a silkworm," his gay sister, carmine-cheeked Maisie, and his vain mother (who confessed on one occasion that "life's no longer any good when there's no possible temptation in it"), are all sketched in with a relentless sincerity. Miss Mordaunt follows Hoyland through his horrible career, and brings him "full of nausea, as though he were not digesting life," up to a farm in Derbyshire, to be tutor to a weak-minded lad. There he meets tranquil and fair Diana, who attracts him by her indifference. Cunningly, very cunningly, Hoyland leads his pupil astray, snatching to himself some of the youth's

[4] "As the Wind Blows." By Eden Phillpotts. 5s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)
[5] "Acte." By May Earle. 5s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

PELMANISM AS AN EDUCATIONAL FACTOR.

BY SIR JAMES YOXALL.

BY coincidence a book I opened in the Tube train told me the story of a man so despondent, though deserving, that he thought himself "beleaguered by all the circumstances of his life." For "nothing had ever gone right with him." He had had "no luck." Fate always seemed against him. "He was the most conscientious worker in the office, but other clerks had been promoted over his head. The manager was always finding fault with him for being so slow. "Perhaps he *was* slow," he thought.

The very day I opened that book I had been visiting a place which is rare, and I think unique. . . . I had visited the Pelman Institute—that is, I had tested the men and the methods there; I had satisfied myself that the men are neither unpractical visionaries nor advertising charlatans; I had verified the testimonials which they publish and the names of well-known people among their clients; I inquired into the methods they use in a way which only one who is himself a teacher could do; I procured and have studied the books they issue to their clients; I examined the queries they put, the schedules they work by, and the degrees of individual effort they require to be put forth. I went there rather sceptical, I went away rather enthusiastic. And because the more I think about it the more I feel that "Pelmanism" is the name of something much required by myriads of people to-day, I am writing this.

"Pelmanism" is no fake, no dodge, no knack of temporary influence only, and it is not for the few alone. It is not for the relatively few whom Nature has endowed with the successful qualities, who cannot help "getting on," and who get on early because the many do not compete with them; it is for the many whom Nature has endowed with all qualities for success except the instinctive knowledge of how to use them aptly. There is no mystery about Pelmanism, except that it is not ladled out to all and sundry, and is kept as a secret for those who wish to have it, those who will work as well as pay. . . . Every facility for a thorough investigation was placed at my disposal by Mr. W. J. Ennever, the founder of the Institute.

It delighted me to discover that the Pelman Institute works along lines which at a hundred public meetings on education I have ventured to lay down. Places for lecturing, coaching and preparing people for examinations are valuable and many; so are places in which the tuition goes on by post, between tutor and learner, and when the learner is in earnest the effect is sure to be good. But this is not a place for thus imparting general or examinational information; it is a place for indicating *how* to learn, how to live and learn, and how to learn and live. Here any willing, earnest applicant may get just the books, papers, hints, suggestions, advice, and "leg-up" which he needs for himself.

Pelmanism is not for the self-satisfied; nor for the easily satisfied, content with any way of life, no matter how narrow and poor; nor for the sluggard, too inert; nor the laggard, too idle. It is discipline, and many a client has found it to be just the training he needed. It is a means of energising, and energy is the master-force of everything.

The clerk who does not "get on," the salesman, the commercial traveller, the shopkeeper who does not sell successfully; the underling, "the most conscientious worker in the office," who is, nevertheless, too slow; the teacher not successful in a peculiarly difficult vocation; the would-be writer who always gets his manuscript (it should be typescript) back again; the solicitor who might as well be his own clerk; the doctor who vainly waits for patients; the briefless man at the Bar; the curate never offered a benefice; and many another, would find the discipline, guidance and training of Pelmanism help them on. . . . I have passed most of a lifetime in trying to help on the cause of education, but I am glad to say that *I* shall not have to run the gauntlet of the sterner competition to come. I suspected Pelmanism; when it began to be heard of, I thought it quackery; with self-satisfaction and vanity I supposed that *I* needed nothing of the kind. Now I wish I had taken it up when I heard of it first. It

"—spurs the 'lated traveller apace
To gain the timely inn."

The New Pelman Course, particulars of which can now be obtained free of cost by readers of THE BOOKMAN, is a most remarkable achievement.

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—Indecision	**—Lack of Initiative**
—Dullness	**—Indefiniteness**
—Shyness	**—Mental Flurry**

and develops such valuable qualities as:

—Concentration	**—Forcefulness**
—Observation	**—Self-Confidence**
—Perception	**—Driving Power**
—Judgment	**—Self-Control**
—Initiative	**—Tact**
—Will-Power	**—Reliability**
—Decision	**—Salesmanship**
—Ideation	**—Rightly-Directed Energy**
—Resourcefulness	**and**
—Organising Power	**—A Reliable Memory**
—Directive Ability	

that are indispensable to every man or woman who wishes to "make good" in any sphere.

Yet despite these remarkable results the Pelman Course is quite simple to follow. It takes up very little time, involves no hard study and can be practised anywhere—even in spare moments during the day.

Readers who would like a copy of "Mind and Memory," which contains a full description of the New Pelman Course, should write to-day to the Pelman Institute, 20, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1. This book will be forwarded by return gratis and post-free.

XUM

vigour and freshness. But he comes to grief; Diana is not for him. He dies rent almost as by a devil, swearing horribly, defeated of his purpose; and Diana and McCabe are brought together. Powerful work, excellent in detail, but lacking in sunshine.

OF FINER CLAY. By Hylda Rhodes. 7s. net. (John Long.)

There are some unusual characters in Miss Rhodes's latest novel. Oliver Cartwright is a strange, unbalanced, sinister figure, who, fascinated by the fetish worship of savage tribes, has filled his Yorkshire home with a collection of idol deities, among whom, as his mania increases, he comes to regard himself as a demi-god. In contrast to him, and loving the sunlight as he shrinks from it, is Tansy Holt, a moorland gipsy girl. Against a background of grey rock and stunted heather she stands out in large-limbed, passionate strength. She loves as she hates, fiercely. There are no neutral tones about her; civilisation has not taught her the compromise of half-measures. The air of the wide spaces blows through the book. The scenes which remain in the memory have been passed on the moors—that of the meeting of Tansy and Raphael Keene at the "Bride Stones," the struggle with her father when she refuses to give up the wooden image entrusted to her by her lover; last of all, the evening of the thunderstorm which brings Raphael back. The story is written easily and pleasantly, and is a thoroughly readable tale.

THE OTHER PERSON. By Fergus Hume. 7s. (White.)

Mr. Hume is always happy in his titles, and those who are drawn by curiosity to investigate the mystery of "The Other Person" will have their expectations fully gratified. This is not the first time he has introduced the supernatural into a story, and it is a subject he is particularly well qualified to handle. Here we have all the thrill and sensation and ingenious intrigue we look for from his pen, but woven into the theme is the uncanny force of "Spiritism" which gives the plot a new and surprising turn. Christopher Larchey, a reformed black sheep, makes an attractive hero, whose past indiscretions track him down and involve him in a very unenviable predicament. A pleasant love interest puts into the background even the sombre shadow of murder and the terrifying vengeance of "The Other Person."

MY PROFITABLE FRIENDS. By Arnold Palmer. 7s. 6d. net. (Selwyn & Blount.)

"The head coachman died," we are told—apparently *apropos des bottes*—in one of these stories, "but he left a great tradition behind him." All the great short-story writers are not dead and this very difficult, very fascinating art is not hide-bound by tradition. Certain rules are generally accepted, but the skilful practitioner feels as much freedom as an expert dancer, who conforming with the rhythm of the music is at liberty to express his sentiments in a variety of ways. Mr. Palmer's neatness is a permanent delight, neatness of construction and of psychological analysis. He rounds up his stories, when they are stories, in a fashion that excites our grateful smiles. Some of the contents of this book are rather to be classed as essays; such, for example, is the picture of an ex-Lady Mayoress in retirement—a gem of a Dutch interior. Mr. Palmer is remarkably versatile, going from the burlesque of a cinema story—("The Honourable Gilbert hands his card to the girl, who reads it carefully and admits him")—to the sensitive diagnosis of the emotions of one Leslie, who more and more believes that the world and his fiancée do not accept him as a paragon of bravery. John Horatio Coombs we clasp to our heart; his fraudulent activities are charmingly narrated and he himself bears not the smallest malice for the man who turned him, pretty forcibly, towards the path of virtue. Who but Mr. Palmer would have thought of such a remote subject as "The Cough" and who else, except Maupassant, would have told in that joyous way the story of Eve Follyhampton?

PENELOPE. By G. Kirby. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

As Penelope says of her first published story, "At least it was a true book," and this is a fair description of Miss Kirby's "Little Miss Muffet." It was sincere, it had also a great scene—that of the well-known novelist playing at bears with the heroine—but it was young, crude and self-conscious. You read it, laid it down with "a book of some promise," and forgot it until the next was published; but you had been just sufficiently interested to get that next. "Penelope" is a more mature book. Miss Kirby still finds it difficult to tell a tale, and Michael, the man Penelope marries, fails to grip the reader. He does not stand out, he is not alive. But she writes with humour, with that breath of fire which, burning the dross, leaves us the gold, and she has done a piece of remarkable and pitiless analysis in the character of Sir Anthony Faire—the old man playing at youth and self-deceived. This is the chief character in the book. It is closely observed and tenderly drawn, and, though you laugh over the absurdities of the Causes and the Revolting Artists, over Sir Anthony you weep—as did Penelope. Miss Kirby has yet to learn that unless you are content to produce a patchy book, you cannot put guesswork by the side of the thing that has been experienced.

JAMES BEVANWOOD, PARONET. By Henry St. John Cooper. 6s. net. (Sampson Low.)

If we are inclined to find Mr. Henry St. John Cooper's hero and heroine a trifle too simple and innocent to carry conviction, we are forced to admit that they are delightful people to meet, and the story of their unconventional marriage, with its many ups and downs and almost tragic conclusion, makes engrossing reading. 'Nid first walks into the pages as a London laundry girl with an artistic temperament, and her big, uncouth lover as a London carpenter with an immense capacity for devotion and self-sacrifice, as later events reveal. They "get off" in the approved fashion, and marry on 'Nid's seventeenth birthday. 'Nid yearns for something better than the humdrum existence of an artisan's wife, and when her husband proves to be heir to the Bevanwood baronetcy, she falls an easy prey to the disappointed man who believed himself to be next-of-kin. Jim Bevanwood is a white man all through, and although his girl-wife forsakes him, is ready to welcome and forgive her on her return, and even forgives the villain who lured her away. It is refreshing to meet such lovable, unsophisticated characters as these homely folk who, raised from lowly estate to rank and wealth, lose nothing in the transition.

DESBOROUGH OF THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER. By Joan Sutherland. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Joan Sutherland's new novel will hold her old readers together. It is a pleasantly-told tale of Anglo-Indian life, passed between the garrison town of Fort Amrah, on the fringe of the desert, and an English country house on the Downs. Desborough, the hero, is a man of fifty, an engineer of international reputation, who has built bridges, and seen the love romance of his life shattered, at Prégatz. Ardent and passionate by nature, he feels that he has been cheated out of life, and the episodes with Marie Kirkland and the Princess Anne are instances of his getting even. He shows up better with men than with women, and there is no flinching when he faces the physical torture schemed by Gulab Singh. The other characters are less successful. The greater number are too slight to be more than moving figures, or have just enough importance for the story to prevent their being walking-on parts. One would except Nadia, Desborough's daughter, from this criticism, but an impression of indistinctness is a danger to a book.

RETURNED EMPTY. By Florence L. Barclay. 5s. net. (Putnams.)

Any new story from the pen of the author of "The Rosary" is sure of a welcome from a wide circle of readers, and perhaps the very theme of "Returned Empty" will but make it the more welcome at a time when spiritualism

in various forms is freshly exciting many minds—as it seems to have done to a certain extent a century or so ago at the close of the Napoleonic wars. Mrs. Barclay, it may be said, in this story writes against the current spiritualism by devising something of a new kind. Her hero might be described as a victim of reincarnation, and he certainly finds himself in a surprising and original situation. We are supposed to have our second and subsequent times on earth with a subconscious knowledge of the earlier times, but he has been "returned empty" of all that subconscious knowledge owing to circumstances which must be left for readers of the story to learn.

THE LINE'S ENGAGED. By Albert Edward Welman. Illustrated by C. A. Voight. 2s. 6d. net. (Jarrold.)

These letters from a pretty telephone girl to her "Dear Myrtle" about herself and her friends and some of the people who talk to her over the line, are all in a light, amusing vein that fully justifies the description of the book as "a laughter book." You will enjoy it all the more if you know anything of telephones, but even if you do not you will enjoy it. A capital book of its kind.

SERENUS, AND OTHER STORIES. By Jules Lemaitre. Translated by "Penguin" (A. W. Evans). 7s. 6d. net. (Selwyn & Blount.)

This collection of Lemaitre's stories is more convenient than any which is available for French readers, since they are taken from various books. Mr. Evans has done the translation in the perfect manner one expects of him—it is as though he had woven into the texture of his English an occasional gleam which reminds us of the original language. The tales, for their own sake, can be read with considerable pleasure and are certain of a warm welcome. The classical and mediæval atmosphere, as well as that of the early Christian era, are most admirably caught, and, without pedantry, a very wide and deep research is exhibited. "Myrrha" is the best of these tales; not only is the story of interest, but it is very well told, and the last sentence is as dramatic as the heart of Maupassant or O. Henry would have wished. "Lilith" is little more than a picturesque elaboration of a Biblical event. "The Bell" is both charming and pathetic; and in "Nausicaa" we have a series of well-written adventures that occur to Telemachus. A very attractive book, excellently translated.

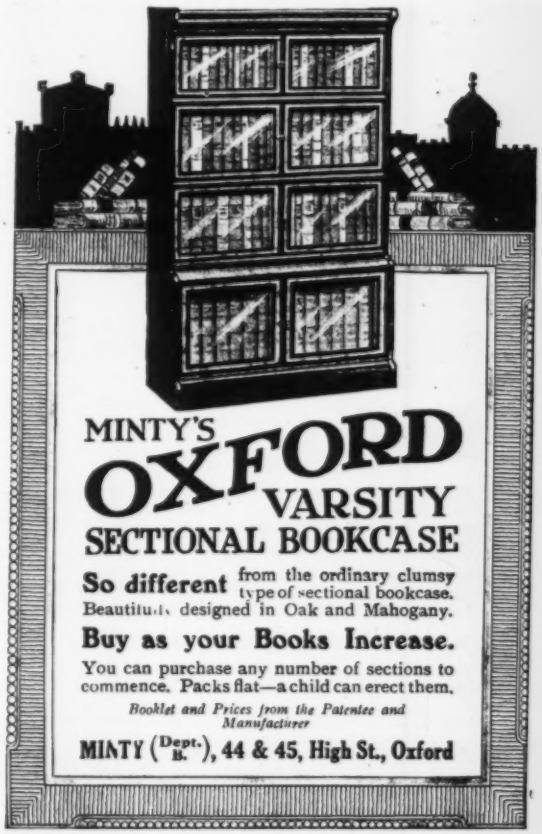
The Bookman's Table.

THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE PICTURE. An Automatic Script. Taken down by Nancy Dearmer. With an Introduction by Percy Dearmer. 3s. 6d. net. (Nisbet.)

This is a book it is very difficult to criticise. If you believe that the spirits of the dead communicate with the living, even to the extent of dictating from time to time such a long series of messages as make up this book, you will have nothing by way of criticism to say of it. If you do not believe in such supernatural dictation, but assume that the messages emanated from the subconscious mind of the writer, you are still ready to accept them as beautiful and suggestive thoughts on faith, hope, prayer, the relations between God and His creatures, and the way in which man may put himself in tune with the infinite and draw strength and peace from the confidence of God's love. There are no new revelations, but religious musings and a philosophy of right living that will, especially in these dark days, be a source of comfort and inspiration for the sorrowful and for those whose trust in revealed religion has faltered under the burden and the mysteries of life and death. A little book of good counsel in which many may find spiritual guidance.

WANDERINGS. By Richard Curle. 10s. 6d. net. (Kegan Paul.)

Surely the profession of mining engineer is one of the most enviable. It may involve a certain amount of discomfort (which in retrospect is no discomfort), but the compensations are obvious. And when the traveller is not only alert for the precious metal but for beauties of scenery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BOOKS.—Handley Cross, Sponge's Sporting Tour, Plain or Ringlets, Hawbuck Grange, Romford Hounds, Ask Mamma, complete set, illustrated by Leech, etc., 6 vols., £5 10s.; Mark Twain's Works, Author's Edition de luxe, 23 vols., £30; Burton's Arabian Nights, 17 vols., illus., £30; Œuvres Completes de Paul Verlaine, 6 vols., Paris, 1905, £4 10s.; Rudyard Kipling's Verse, "Inclusive" edition, 3 vols., 1919, £3 3s.; Thackeray's Doctor Birch, 1849, 1st edition, coloured plates, £3 10s.; Ruskin's Works, "Best Library" edition, 39 vols., £25; Bret Harte's Works, handsome set, 10 vols., 1901, £6 6s.; Kane's Wanderings of an Artist among the Indians of North America, coloured plates, 1859, £4 4s.; John Seller's Atlas Minimus, calf, rare, with autograph of Sir Thomas Browne, 1688, £2 2s.; Symonds's Sketches in Italy and Greece, 1874, 30s.; Symonds's New and Old, 1880, 21s.; Symonds's Many Moods, 1878, 21s.; Symonds's Essays Speculative and Suggestive, 1893, 21s.; Lord Dunsany, Sword of Welleran, 1st edition, 1908, 21s. 6d.; Cockney Adventures, quaint cuts, 1838, £2 2s.; Mysteries of the Old Castles of France, quaint cuts, £2 2s.; Œuvres de Molière, illustrated by Tony Johannot, Paris, 1835, 2 vols., 30s.; Crockett's Novels, 24 vols., £5 5s.; George Eliot's Works, "Cabinet" edition, 20 vols., £6 6s.; Oliver Goldsmith's Works, Edition de luxe, 10 vols., £4 10s.; Way's Ancient Royal Palaces In and Near London, signed copy, 1902, 21s.; Fielding's Works, Edition de luxe, 1882, 10 vols., £6 6s.; Dibdin's Bibliomania of Book Madness, 1876, 25s.; Donnelly's Atlantis, the Antediluvian World, 11s.; Meteyard's Choice Examples of Wedgwood Art, folio, 1879, £3 3s.; Nineteen Early Drawings by Aubrey Beardsley, only 150 done, 35s.; F. W. Bain's The Descent of the Sun, 1903; An Essence of the Dusk, 1906, large paper copies, £2 2s. each; Swinburne's Posthumous Poems, hand-made paper edition, only 300 copies done, 30s.; Max Beerbohm's Cartoons, "The Second Childhood of John Bull," folio, 21s.; Vanity Fair, numerous coloured cartoons, 50 vols., £10 10s.; Drawings by Old Masters at Chatsworth, pub. £21, price £10 10s.; Victor Hugo's Works, Edition de luxe, 20 vols. in 10 vols., half morocco, £6 6s.; Cave's Ruined Cities of Ceylon, 1897, £3 3s.; Salome, illustrated by Beardsley, 11s.; Ballads Weird and Wonderful, with 25 drawings by Vernon Hill, 9s.; Aubrey Beardsley, by Arthur Symons, large paper copy, 1705, £2 2s.; Memoirs of Harriette Wilson, coloured plates, 2 vols., 21s.; Burton's Kasidah, £5 5s.; Campan's Memoirs of the Private Life of Marie Antoinette, 3 vols., best edition, 1917, £3 3s.; Solon's Italian Majolica, 21s.; Whistler's Ten O'Clock, 1st edition, £2 2s.; Kipling's Story of the Gadsbys, 1st edition, £5 5s.; Literary World, 47 vols., £2 10s.; The Day's Doings, 4 vols., folio, 1871, rare, £4 4s.; Army List, 32 vols., 1825–41, £4 15s.; Prints and Drawings by F. Brangwyn, £2 12s. 6d.; Dickens Set, "Household" edition, extra illustrated, 19 vols., £4 4s.; Bentley's Miscellany, 36 vols., illustrated by Cruikshank, Leech, etc., 1837–54, £10 10s.; Pepys's Diary, 1854, half calf gilt, 4 vols., 42s.; Rabelais' Works, illustrated by Louis Chalon, 2 vols., Best edit., 1892, £5 5s.; Edgar Allan Poe's Works, 4 vols., 1899, 35s.; Becker's The Nightless City, curious illustrations, being a History of Prostitution in Japan, £5 5s.; Chaucer's Works, 1532 edition, with Introduction by Skeat, limited issue, £4 4s.; Brangwyn's Book of Bridges, 21s.; Noyes's First Editions, Forty Singing Seamen, presentation copy to Watts Dunton from the Author, 30s.; Forest of Wild Thyme, 1905, 50s.; Drake, 2 vols., 1906–8, 30s.; The Loom of Years, 1902, rare, £3 3s.; Cuala Press Broadsides, complete set, 1908–15, £4 4s.; Memoires de J. Casanova, 8 vols., Paris, half calf, £4 10s.; Heptameron of the Queen of Navarre, translated by Arthur Machen, cloth, rare, £3 3s.; The Butterfly, 2 vols., edited by Raven Hill, 25s.; Thornton's An American Glossary, 1912, 2 vols., 7s. 6d. One hundred thousand Books in stock. Catalogues on application. If you want a book and have failed to find it elsewhere, try me. I am the most expert book-finder extant. BOOKS WANTED. Sets of Sterne, Smollett, Fielding, Kipling, Meredith, Dickens, any well-known authors. Cash or exchange.

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and oddities of character, he deserves at any rate to be rewarded. Perhaps in this very variegated book the author does not tell us as much as we might hope respecting the extraordinary persons whom he must have met. If he is too honest to reproduce conversations which he has forgotten or which never happened—well, who are we to bother about the dialogue in "The Bible in Spain"? That Mr. Curle has a pretty gift he shows us in his portrait of the unprepossessing person who addressed him in the Public Garden at Panama. In a few lines the man is made to live, and we could have spared some of the scenery and some of the meditations for a trifle more of the human interest. But we must not appear ungrateful; this is a book which has carried us very pleasantly to some of the most interesting parts of the world. There is the same enthusiasm for Jamaica as one finds in the writings of the late Mr. Aflalo. Of course when twenty-five regions are depicted in a book of 350 pages the author can do no more than whet one's appetite. His recollections of Johannesburg do not give us at all what we expected, for Mr. Curle does not only see what is on the surface. Besides being a philosopher, he can be a very amusing observer.

SUNSHINE. By Hibbart Gilson. 2s. 6d. net. (Heath, Cranton.)

Mr. Gilson has some five books to his name, and this, the second of them, now appears in a third and revised edition. There is a note of real sincerity in Mr. Gilson's verse; he is not imitative, but writes always as one who feels he has something to say and is earnest to find not only himself but his own ways of expressing himself. In this little book he would seem to have rallied already from the artificial passions and morbid tendencies that afflict many young poets, and to have found strength in a healthful, serene philosophy of happiness:

> "My joy proves courage mine; 'tis brave to write,
> When Life is dull, as if one's heart were light."

That is the key-note of his lyrics; not a flashy and easy optimism, but the thoughtful cheerfulness that comes of quiet communion with the eternal spirit that is in nature and in man. If the poems do not touch great heights they reach towards them, and there is far more promise in their natural simplicity than there could be in any ornate pretentiousness.

TOWARDS SPIRITUAL DEMOCRACY. By Henry J. Stone. 2s. 6d. (Swarthmore Press.)

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